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PART XVII.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

It is the usual characteristic of a boaster, that he is especially vainglorious in those subjects in which he is especially deficient. In this he has often a twofold object: he wishes to impose on others, but he wishes also to impose upon himself. He wants to persuade himself that, after all, he is not such a sheer impostor as his conscience assures him that he is. As a quiet-tempered man can talk himself into a passion, so a boaster can talk himself into a belief that, after all, he is a very worthy and excellent personage.

Such is popular Protestantism in the presence of the Catholic Church. It is conscious of sundry unpleasant twinges when it attempts to prove itself right and Rome wrong. It winces at the great facts which stare it in the face when it puts forth its claims. It is aware that the Catholic controversialist has statements to make, against which it has not a word to say in reply or contradiction. Accordingly, it seeks to smother every distinct and intelligible argument beneath one huge assertion, that *reason*, as such, is all on the Protestant side, and that Catholicism is from base to pinnacle nothing else but a gigantic imposture, which none but the dishonest few could devise, and none but the unreasoning multitude could accept.

Undoubtedly there are many exceptions to this rule to be met with. Men of learning, men of logic, men of good sense, and men of charitable dispositions, shrink from this extravagant charge against the religion of the large majority of Christians. They enter the lists with something like a consciousness that, after all, Rome has something to say for herself; and sometimes even with sincere gratification they recognise the learning, the ability, and the enlightened piety of many of her children. Of all this, however, *popular* Protestantism

knows nothing. It knows but one way of silencing us and quieting its own conscience: its only device is to suppose and assert that the one characteristic of Protestantism is its conformity to right reason, and the one characteristic of Catholicism its violation of all the laws of logic and the facts of history.

Yet what is the state of the case? Place a Protestant in the presence of Catholic dogma, and note the manner in which he employs the noble and awful gift of reason. Grant every thing you will as to the achievements of non-Catholic intelligence in the domain of purely secular thought and knowledge; exaggerate to any extent what it has done for philosophy, physical science, mathematics, politics, and polite literature; let the boaster have the benefit of all his pretences;—only bring him face to face with that creed, in any of its parts, which he so scornfully disdains, and see what use he makes of his godlike gift. We appeal to any Catholic, or even any observant Protestant, as to the result which invariably ensues. Is it not a fact, that the clearest and the most vigorous of human intellects descend to utter sentiments on the subject of Catholicism and its dogmas for which the only fitting term is *nonsense*—nonsense the most silly, the most barefaced, the most utterly self-contradictory? The very faculty of reasoning seems usually to desert them when they meddle with our doctrines and practices; they seem actually incapable of discerning their most obvious meaning. They cannot take in the drift of our arguments, or meet them with any counter-arguments really bearing upon the question. There they stand, beating the air; contradicting each man his neighbour and himself; eating their own words, unconscious of the smallest degree of inconsistency; unable to take plain English words in their plain meaning; and making a display of intellectual incapacity, of downright sheer dulness, which would ruin their character as reasoning creatures in any one affair of merely secular import. Who amongst us has not repeatedly seen this in books, in newspapers, and among his own friends and acquaintances? Who has not learnt by experience, that in religious controversy it is vain to look for a right use of reason from those who claim to be its exclusive votaries? Who has not come to the conclusion, by personal observation, that there is a mysterious power possessing the ordinary non-Catholic reason, which warps it, twists it, and blinds it, till it gives vent to nonsense in religion which it would blush with shame to utter on any subject in which the faith of Catholics was not concerned?

This striking fact is, indeed, one of the innumerable minor

proofs of the truth of our religion. If we are dupes, and right reason is on the Protestant side, how is it that all Protestants, with few exceptions, come to talk such rubbish about us and our creed? If our dogmas are the invention of man, why are they so surprisingly clear to us, and so inexplicably incomprehensible to them? If our worship is superstitious, why cannot they comprehend the state of our minds when we are engaged in it, so as to point out the particulars in which it is erroneous? If they alone are enlightened, why do they misrepresent our opinions before they attempt to refute them? Surely their business is to confute what we *do* hold, and not to paint an imaginary monster and then blow it to pieces;—why, then, do they pretend that they know our opinions better than we do ourselves, and that we really hold doctrines which every Catholic agrees in denouncing? If reason, we repeat, is on the side of Protestants, how are we to account for this exhibition of intellectual imbecility when they confront Catholicism in its dogma, its morals, and its history?

Such questions as these are suggested by the mode in which the recent decree on the Immaculate Conception of Mary is received by the average class of persons outside the Church. It is the old story over again: either the world cannot, or it will not, comprehend the meaning of the doctrine; and then it discharges torrents of attack upon absurdities of its own inventing. And at the same time the world *cannot* hold its tongue; a kind of irresistible power seems to impel it to the assault. It cannot treat what it calls our follies and superstitions as it treats the follies and superstitions of the rest of mankind. At one moment it asserts that our faith is so absurd that no enlightened Christian can hold it, and the next proceeds to exhaust itself in efforts to misrepresent and damage it. It does not see that we cannot be at once silly and crafty, hypocritical and devout, learned and ignorant. Though it is never tired of calling our creed an exploded superstition, the restless energy of its attacks betrays its consciousness that it is neither exploded nor a superstition; and that when the Church comes forth and solemnly announces, as recently, an article of her faith, the very devils believe while they tremble.

During the progress of the events which ended in the declaration of the 8th of last December, and which have led to so much subsequent declamation against the Pope, the cardinals, and the bishops, on the ground of this new imaginary imposition on the credulity of mankind, we have not offered any remarks of our own to our readers. This has been partly because it was impossible to do any justice to such a subject

in the pages of a periodical, and partly as wishing to reserve any slight observations we might wish to make till a period when the excitement natural under the circumstances should have passed away. Considering, also, that certain considerations which the decree of last December suggests to the mind are of a somewhat controversial character, we were unwilling to express too eagerly our satisfaction in the victory of those opinions which we conceive to be implied in the recent act of the Holy See. It is painful to remind a generous adversary that he is beaten. If it is necessary to call his attention to the triumph which has been won over him, it is better to do this when the novelty of new events has passed away, and the mind has subsided into its ordinary mood. The month of May, however, has again come; and the devout children of Mary being about to celebrate her festival-time with a unanimity as to her privileges, and a confidence in their reality hitherto unattainable, we no longer delay the few remarks we have to offer. And we heartily hope that, though controversial in their character, they will not for a moment disturb that equanimity of joy with which we keep the bright month which piety has consecrated to her, who is the patron of theological truth, as truly as she is the mother of love and tenderness.

As to the general subject of the doctrine itself, even if it had been in our power to handle it satisfactorily, it would have been rendered needless by the treatise just published by Bishop Ullathorne;* a book adapted both for the theologian and the ordinary reader, and as well adapted to the end it designs to fulfil as it is opportune in its time of publication. We recommend it to every one who desires to find in a short compass, and popularly stated, the true character of the doctrine, its place in the entire scheme of Catholic dogma, and the attitude (if we may so say) which the Church has ever maintained towards it. Although the Church has now formally defined the doctrine, so that no Catholic can doubt about it for a moment, still it is always interesting and instructive to trace the grounds on which she has acted in framing her decision, and the progress of devout feeling and general belief in respect to any article of the faith before it has been included in the authoritative decrees of the Christian Church.

Two corollaries, however, as it appears to us, may fairly be deduced from the recent decree, bearing decisively upon other subjects on which difference has always been, and still is, tolerated among Catholics. One of these is the question of "development;" the other what is termed "ultramontan-

* *The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God: an Exposition.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. Richardson.

ism," in its purely doctrinal aspect. On both of these questions, if we are not greatly mistaken, a species of sanction has been given by the Church to one side of the argument as distinct from the other. On neither of the two do we imagine that any universal or permanent settling influence will be the result; because, as we think, differences of opinion on these points have their origin in the differences of intellectual character which exist in the human mind, and which will exist to the end of the world.

Take first the theory of "development" in religious doctrine. One might have supposed beforehand, that to every pious Christian it would have been personally perfectly immaterial whether the theory were sound or the reverse. Setting aside the warping influences of polemical prejudice, we should have said that *naturally* a man would be as ready to espouse either side on the question as to accept any proved conclusion in algebra or geometry. But surely it is not so. The moment we leave the domain of pure mathematics, we find, in fact, that one mind has a special *liking* for one style of reasoning, and one for another. Nobody in possession of his faculties has the smallest preference for two right angles in a triangle instead of three or five, or any other number. But once in the region of probable proof and moral subjects, we see that one man is practically affected by one mode of proof above all others, and another by another. Even where the agreement in the conclusion is most unanimous, each man has his own way of arriving at a conclusion; and in proportion as he is influenced by one course of reasoning, is he inclined to exaggerate its value and necessity for every body else. Take twenty educated converts from Protestantism to Catholicism, and ask them their reasons for their conversion, and you will find that each one looks upon one particular branch of the argument as peculiarly convincing, and really more important than any others.

To apply this phenomenon in the mind to the development-controversy. One man has a horror of overstating any argument, and of "proving too much." Keenly sensitive to the great truth, that, after all, there is a *probation* involved in the presentation of all moral truth, he is not anxious to see any thing made so miraculously clear that it is really *impossible* for a sane man to doubt it. He knows that an argument may be made so incontrovertible as to be practically good for nothing; and accordingly he shrinks from forcing (as he considers it) conclusions as to the explicit faith of the early Fathers from their writings beyond what those writings thoroughly warrant. Personally speaking, he can do without

that faultless historical evidence which some persons require for their perfect satisfaction.

Such thinkers as these latter, on the contrary, have one favourite line of proof, and almost only one. They cannot bear difficulties. Sometimes they cannot bear syllogistic difficulties; sometimes it is an historic doubt that galls them. A state of temporary hesitation is distressing to them; their great aim is to come to a conclusion apparently satisfactory, and not to satisfy themselves that there is no flaw felt by other people as well as themselves. Put an argument into a syllogism, and they are so delighted with its scientific appearance, that they forget that a single syllogism does not contain all that may be said upon the subject in hand.

In historical evidence, again, there are many minds which, if they cannot see all they expect, can see nothing. If the Fathers did not use the same language as they do themselves, they held actually different doctrines. If they did not hold all that we do, in precisely the same degree of explicit knowledge, they did not hold the same *things*. With them, a rosebud is *not* a rose.

Another class of minds, once more, are frightened at the thought of admitting any thing that an adversary may lay hold of, however unfairly and illogically. Their plan for convincing a man on any subject is to conceal from him its argumentative difficulties, whether great or trifling. They have small confidence in the power of truth, as resting on the evidence which it does really possess; and in argument they know no alternative between proving your adversary an ignoramus or an idiot, or letting him prove you one.

Now take these various characters of mind, and assign them in various combinations and proportions to different persons, and we see how naturally one man is predisposed to the theory of development, and another against it; and how vain it is to expect that all Catholics will ever agree upon it. And so with ultramontaniam. One man instinctively prefers the magnificence and grandeur of the decisions of the Bishops of Christendom meeting in council, and in the multitude of counselors and the conflict of arguments which an Ecumenical Council ensures, perceives a peculiar safeguard against error; another says to himself, that for practical purposes decisions on doctrine must rest with one man; the government of the Church cannot get on without it; in fact, a revelation given, as Christianity undoubtedly was given, requires an infallible Pope. Accordingly every man, as he is thus either pre-eminently historical and critical, or pre-eminently logical and practical in his tone of mind, approaches the ultramontane controversy

with a slight predisposition either to one side or the other. We believe, therefore, that as long as the subject is formally undefined by the Church, there will be partisans of both sides found among her most devout and loyal children. And, further, we cannot but hope that, ultramontane and developmentist as are our own opinions, we may never undervalue either the learning, the ability, the piety, or the orthodoxy of those who take opposite views on these abstruse questions.

Anticipating, then, no permanent or universal alteration in the minds of good Catholics, we nevertheless cannot but call attention to the circumstance, that the decree on the Immaculate Conception does argumentatively bear, and that powerfully, on the subject of development and doctrinal ultramontaniam. Allowing the fullest possible grammatical meaning to the expressions of the Fathers of the first three centuries respecting the Mother of God, we cannot see any *proof* that the Church generally held the Immaculate Conception *explicitly*, though there is every proof that she held it *implicitly* from the beginning. In fact, the Roman theologian, who for years past has most prominently engaged in the advocacy of the doctrine with a view to forwarding the recent decision, Father Perrone, distinctly upholds it on the development principle. And it is remarkable, that a prelate of a very different school, and one whose whole antecedents tend to the exaltation of the purely historical line of argument, the present Archbishop of Paris, in his pastoral announcing the decree to his flock, uses the very word 'development' as expressing the theory on which the Holy See has acted in declaring that the Church has always held the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

And so with the ultramontane question. *Solvitur ambulando*. The Pope has done what no Pope ever did before, except as the head of an Ecumenical Council. It is as it was in the disciplinary branch of the ultramontane and Gallican controversy. The Gallicans held that the Pope could not override the diocesan rights of separate national churches by his own single act. But while they said he could not do it, he did do it in France, during the reign of the first Napoleon. He did it in the very stronghold of the anti-Roman opinions. Some few dissented, and never yielded; but the Church as a body acquiesced, and the question was settled practically for ever. Just so as to declaration of doctrine.

The Pope, as Pope, and as Pope alone, has declared what is the faith of the Church. The bishops have advised him, indeed, and with all but absolute unanimity; but they have not been his assessors, or coadjutors, in the authoritative act

which binds the faithful to obedience. In other words, they have virtually given their adhesion to the ultramontane opinion. Can any one, after such an act on their part, and on the part of the Pontiff, hesitate to admit that an immense stride has been made towards the practical settlement of the question against the Gallican theory?

Turning now to those who, not being within the Catholic Church, are unable to enter into these subjects with a Catholic interest, and who see in the proceedings of the Holy See only one fresh attack upon "Scriptural" religion, we venture to offer one or two considerations, which must at least mollify the bitterness of their feelings, and convince them that, after all, we have something to say for ourselves in defence of this doctrine, which sounds so strange in their ears. If they are surprised that Catholics take so much interest in a question which to them seems purely speculative—not to mention the contradiction which they fancy it gives to one great Christian truth—if they see in our zeal thus to honour Mary with the highest honour not divine, a proof of our want of true appreciation of the incommunicable rights of the Almighty God, we assure them that it is precisely *because of* the intensity of our sense of the greatness, the majesty, and the unapproachable glories of the Omnipotent, that Catholic hearts are thus sensitive on the subject of the sinlessness of Mary. When we exalt her, they imagine we degrade Him. It is the very reverse. It is because we know—yes, we even see it with the eye of faith—that He *is* so great, so glorious, so unapproachable, that He cannot degrade Himself by taking to Him a soul and body from a creature in whom sin had ever for a moment had a share. If a pious Protestant had the strength of our faith, the clearness of our knowledge, and the fire of our love, he would perceive at once that a belief in the non-immaculateness of Mary *is the degradation of God*. As we know that nothing in which the taint of sin remains can hereafter enter into the beatific vision of God in heaven, so we know that nothing on which sin had ever had a moment's power could have been the habitation of the same all-holy God upon earth. The thought is abhorrent to the first instincts of our regenerate nature. God and sin!—can we, even in thought, put them together for an instant without blasphemy?

To the devout Protestant, then, we say, Do you believe that God took *His own* human nature *from* Mary? Was Jesus Christ God; or were there two persons in Him, a God and a man, of whom the latter alone was born of the Blessed Virgin? Did Mary herself worship Jesus Christ with divine honour, or not? If she did, was it not because He was her

God as well as her Son? And could she have been the mother of the very object of her prostrate adoration, if she had not partaken of His merits to such an extent as to have been ever stainless herself? Ask your own hearts, your own consciences, for a reply. Forget for a moment all controversy between Rome and England. Forget what you have at any time written or said on the subject. Kneel down in the presence of God, and in spirit in the house at Bethlehem; see the Virgin who has just given birth to Jesus; remember she is *His Mother*, and He is *her God*. What does your heart tell you? Do *you* love Him? do you recognise your God in Him? do you know any thing of the true and horrible nature of that sin which brought Him thus amongst us? And can you still persuade yourselves that He did not communicate the graces which His sufferings were to procure for us all, in such a fulness to that mother, as to have freed her from all the consequences of her descent from our sinful parents? Can you help adopting the words of one of your own prelates,* and crying out, "O blessed Mary! he cannot bless thee, he cannot honour thee too much, that deifies thee not!" Surely your instinct teaches you that Mary *must* be immaculate, and that your only difficulty is how to reconcile such a belief with your faith in the doctrine that the curse of Adam has fallen upon *all* his descendants.

If you have gone thus far, you are exactly in the position of some of the few great Catholic theologians who have been at times what is called "opposed" to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. You are not opposed to it in reality. You are no more opposed to it than was the great St. Thomas Aquinas or St. Bernard, two of our brightest and most widely-shining luminaries. It is a mere misconception to regard the immaculate conception of Mary as in any way contradicting the universality of the curse of original sin. It no more violates that law, than does the fact that all men are not actually saved by Christ militate against the doctrine that He redeemed every human soul. The question as to Mary's immaculate nature is simply a question as to the time when Jesus Christ communicated to her the full benefits of His death and passion. He died for her, as for us all. He freed her from sin, as He regenerates us in baptism. She was nothing without His grace, as we are nothing. We do not leave off sinning till we die, at least in very small things. She had grace from the first never to sin, from the first moment when her soul existed, even before it was born; but the difference

* Bishop Hall. No Catholic could say more than this, and none would say less.

between her sinlessness from the first and our sinlessness in heaven, is a mere difference of time so far as original sin is concerned. You cannot interpret words of Scripture by a mere slavery to the letter. The Bible says that the just man falls seven times a day; but is this a literal statement that *every* Christian, however advanced in holiness, actually falls into sin at least *seven* times *every* day? You know it is not. It is a mode of stating that no man individually can hope to be absolutely free from all sin while he lives. Or does it mean that every baptised child actually sins seven times a day before coming to the use of reason? "Of course," you say, "the text implies that a person has come to the use of reason." Doubtless; *but this is not in Scripture*. Just in the same way, the doctrine that the curse of Adam has fallen on all his posterity does not specify the precise degree, manner, and time, in which our Blessed Lord communicates the benefits of His passion to all the individual souls who have been redeemed by Him. These are questions of fact, which must be ascertained by the proper evidences. And when we point to one, and one only, to whom those benefits were given in their fullest measure from the first moment of her existence, we leave the doctrine of the universality of the curse of Adam as untouched as when we say that an unbaptised infant has never committed *actual* sin.

Dr. Ullathorne excellently expresses this true explanation of the difficulty. "Was Mary a child of redemption? Did her Son die for her salvation? Was she the offspring of His glorious blood? Most surely was she redeemed by His blood. Her redemption was the very masterpiece of His redeeming wisdom. . . . He who prevents the disease is the greater physician than he who cures it after it has been contracted. He is the greater redeemer who pays the debt that it may not be incurred, than he who pays it after it has fallen on the debtor. . . . If our Lord exercised a greater power of redemption over Mary than over others, by preserving her from actual sin, He exercised His greatest power by preserving her from original sin. And if, as our Lord said to Simon, more love is owing where more has been forgiven, Mary was bound in more love to Jesus, as she had received from His hands that greatest of forgivenesses in the greatest of redemptions."

To every devout Protestant, then, who is anxious to render to all their dues, both to God, to Mary, and to all other creatures, we say once more, If you wish to ascertain the character of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, learn it, not from Mary, but from Jesus Christ. Do not set about it by balancing one statement against another, by qualifying one

feeling with another feeling, or by estimating how far it is possible to elevate a creature without dishonour to the Creator. Enter, as far as possible, into the homage which Mary herself pays to her Divine Son. She has, and to all eternity she will have, but one thought towards Him; namely, to adore Him as her God; to acknowledge that without Him she is nothing; that whatever she has been and is, she owes to His electing grace alone. And if an emotion of pain could enter her soul, now that she reigns on the throne on which He has placed her, she would start with horror from any veneration paid to herself which was not directly referred to Him, and given to her for His sake. This is the only way, the only true and safe way, of learning what Mary herself has been made by her Son. The knowledge of Jesus is the only guide to the knowledge of Mary. Nay, we may say, that thoroughly and adequately to appreciate *her*, we must attain to that depth of humility and love which *she* feels towards Him. The scoffing world without, indeed, declares that it is those who know not the Son who deify (as they say) the Mother. We, who know both the Son and the Mother, know also that without the knowledge of Jesus you *cannot* know Mary. And therefore, as the estimation of Mary rises exactly in proportion to our love and adoration for Jesus, and as she adores and loves Him with an intensity and a depth beyond that of any other creature,—so, we may safely assert that she alone rightly comprehends the immensity of that elevation, the bliss of that privilege, which the death and passion of her Son have bestowed upon her.

If, then, you have any faith in the reality of the Incarnation of the Son of God, you cannot help regarding with affection and honour the Mother who bore Him. You must have for her, not a poetic, not an antiquarian, not a sentimental, not a human, not an idolatrous love; but a *bonâ fide*, earnest, *personal* affection, of the same kind as that you cherish for her Son; with this difference, that in the latter case your love is that of a creature towards his God, in the former that of one creature towards another creature. Why will you not pray for and attempt this rational and suitable condition of mind? Why will you fly off, under the influence of the ridiculous ignorance of those who know neither Jesus nor Mary? Why will you not yield yourselves to the dictates of your own conscience, and accept the conclusions to which the creeds that you still retain must lead you? Why fear to honour her *whom God has honoured*? Pray to her, if you can, in good faith and sincerity. But if you cannot, not knowing whether God has given her the power of hearing your prayers,

at least love and venerate her in your hearts; and be assured that every thought that rises within you in her honour is accepted by her Son as really paid to Him.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER X.

EXPECTATIONS AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE next morning Miss Compton informed Roger that all was arranged for his taking up his residence at the cottage, and hoped that he would begin his work in the library immediately. She made not the slightest allusion to the loss of the papers; but poor Roger's heart for the work was gone. He did not, however, propose any alteration in the plan; and in a half-absent way assented to every thing she said. She herself so plainly saw this, that she took an occasion when he was not near, to ask what were my arrangements for the future, saying, that if I could be absent a day or two longer from London, she should be glad if I would stay with Roger in his temporary abode.

"Poor fellow!" said she, "I pity him with all my heart. I can well understand how an honest and sensitive nature like his must suffer under the mere shadow of an imputation."

"I am afraid he will never get on in the world, with his very sensitive feelings," said I; "his standard is scarcely a practicable one."

"You and he are very different in character, I see, Mr. Walker," replied she, in a tone which destroyed what I should otherwise have considered the complimentary character of the remark; "I have no doubt that you *will* get on."

"I hope so, indeed," said I.

"I wish you success," said she; but there was no cordiality, though no distance or disagreeableness in her manner. At any rate, Miss Compton was a person of a station in society to which I have always thought it prudent to pay that kind of respect, free from servility, which I have observed is generally well taken. And I could not help thinking what a fool Roger was to get entangled with people of Louise Fanchette's class,

when he might be playing his cards well with such a family as the Comptons.

Just then came in the letter-bag.

"A letter for you, Mr. Walton," said Miss Compton. "Why, what have we here?" added she, opening a letter addressed to herself, and marked "immediate." As she showed us the letter afterwards, I may as well give it verbatim. Thus it ran:—

"MADAM,—Your lost packet is in safe hands. The writer of this note is empowered to make terms with you for its restoration. He will meet you to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock precisely, on horseback, in the middle of the field called Water-side Meadow. He will come alone; but will have friends within sight. He requires the same condition of you, stipulating that whatever attendants you may bring, none of your own relations shall be among them. He trusts this to your honour. On your appearance in the middle of the field specified, the writer of this will join you without delay. Your attendants may be within the boundaries of the field; but if they approach within hearing distance, they and you must take the consequences."

"Just what you anticipated, Mr. Walton," observed Miss Compton, with unruffled coolness. "I cannot say that I am surprised; though the style and handwriting of the letter, which are those of an educated person, do somewhat astonish me. It convinces me more than ever that people we little think of are at the bottom of these disturbances. But what can the fellow mean by stipulating that none of my relations are to be present?"

Roger and I expressed our inability to solve the puzzle; and I added, that I concluded she would communicate with the magistracy, and have a strong body of constables in attendance.

"No, I shall not," replied she. "I will take advantage of no man, however great a scoundrel, and however much he has injured me."

"Then you mean to meet the fellow just as he orders it all?" I inquired, decidedly amazed at the quixotic notions of this somewhat eccentric lady.

"Precisely," said she; "to the very letter. As nothing is said about myself or my people being armed, I shall take care we do not go defenceless; and if you two young men like it, you may form part of my escort. What say you to it?"

We gladly assented; and I asked what was the nature of the ground where the meeting was to be held.

"A very large open field, containing from forty to fifty acres, and bordered on one side by a wide stream. You will be able to see every thing, while you hear nothing. I shall ride a horse who will be a match for any horse in the county, if any thing should go wrong; and I shall mount you two also, and probably all the rest of my escort. I should say ten or a dozen men would be abundantly sufficient. Half an hour's ride will bring us to the place; so you will be good enough to be ready to start in time. Till then, good morning."

Soon after this I found Roger in fresh tribulation.

"Just look here," said he. "Here's a letter from Louise, beyond description annoying."

"What's the matter now?" said I. "Going to jilt you? Lucky for you, in my opinion, if she does."

"You don't know her," retorted Roger, "so I forgive your insinuations. She tells me that some fellow has been persecuting her with letters, wanting her to marry him. And this has been going on for some little time. He worried her at first with his visits; and the wonder is that I never came across him. She says she never told me, to spare me the annoyance."

"But who is he?" I asked.

"That she doesn't know for certain; but she suspects he is a gentleman by birth and education, though she is convinced he is a scamp. He calls himself Mr. Edward Seymour, and she thinks he is desperately in love with her."

"Well, and what says the fair Louise herself?"

"She can't endure him; but she says he terrifies her with the violence of his manner. I can't conceive any motive he can have for wanting to marry her except liking her; for she has not got a penny in the world beyond what she earns. So I suppose the scoundrel has fallen madly in love with her. I could almost forgive him for that; for even you must admit that there is something about her quite out of the common way, though she does wear out those taper little fingers with working at caps and gowns. I'd go up to town instantly myself; but what will Miss Compton say to my cutting away directly I have come down? And then, here's this infamous suspicion of Sir Arthur's. I can't bear to go till this business of my ring is found out. I'm half-mad about it already. I lay tossing about nearly the whole night, wondering where on earth I lost the ring; but the more I wonder, the more confused I get. Do tell me what to do, Benjamin. You're cool and prudent. I declare I shall lose my senses if something does not turn up soon about it."

"I certainly should advise you by all means to stay here.

It would *look* extremely ill if you were to go; and Miss Compton would be disgusted if she heard of your connecting yourself with such a person as a French milliner."

"Not if she knew Louise," said he; "that I am confident of. Besides, you're not a marrying man, Walker; and you don't understand those sort of things."

"In my opinion," I replied, "you're nothing less than a fool, if you go to commit yourself to this affair by talking about it to any one; above all, to people like the Compton's. That is my advice; and if you had three grains of common sense, you would accept it."

"Well," sighed he, "I suppose I must."

At the appointed hour a cavalcade assembled in front of the Hall, to escort Miss Compton on her adventure, which I thought decidedly a hazardous one. Some eight or ten mounted grooms and farmers sat on their horses waiting for the appearance of the bold "squire" herself. Roger and I were splendidly mounted; and as I tried the paces of the handsome chestnut which I bestrode, I asked myself when I should be in circumstances to keep such an animal of my own. My vanity was flattered, and my hopes excited, by hearing one of the men observe to a companion,

"That there London chap don't sit his horse so badly, after all."

Punctually at half-past two the "squire" appeared, looking as handsome and animated as possible. She sprung into her saddle with the agility of nineteen, patting the neck of her horse,—a strong, nearly thorough-bred, and perfectly black animal, about fifteen-and-a-half hands high; and away we rode after her at a rapid canter. Some of us had pistols; but Miss Compton herself was equipped as for an ordinary ride, except that she carried a very heavy hunting-whip.

As we cantered over the closely-cropped turf of the park, opening out continually into broad glades overshadowed with antique oaks, elms, and Spanish chestnuts, while every now and then a small herd of deer gazed wistfully at the approaching troop, and then bounded away into their leafy coverts, I could not help thinking how pleasant it must be to be the owner of such a lordly place; and I felt every nerve within me braced for the struggle of life, in which it was my lot to have to win the prizes by my own unaided energies.

"Rather better to own such a place as this, Roger," said I, in a low voice, to my companion, who was busily employed in his own thoughts,—“rather better to own such a place as this than to tack oneself to Louise for life. Eh? what say you?”

"I disagree with you," rejoined poor Roger, in no mood for banter.

On arriving at the place of rendezvous, we found no one in the field; but approaching from the opposite side of the country was a group of men, a few on horseback, but mostly on foot. We entered without delay; and Miss Compton rode on into the middle of the field, her escort taking up their station close to the hedge, and not far from the place where we entered. Just as she reined her horse in, a single horseman, dressed in a large white riding-coat, with broad-brimmed hat, and with an immense wrapper enfolding his throat, rode in at a gate from the opposite side, followed by some fifteen or twenty of his companions, as vagabond-looking a set as I ever beheld. They took their post near the hedge, at some distance from the gate by which they had come in, which for convenience sake I shall call the lower gate, as it was nearer the stream than our position, which was a little elevated, and gave us an excellent view of every thing that took place. The leader rode at once up to the spot where Miss Compton was sitting quietly awaiting him on her horse. On approaching her he made her a rather low bow, which she answered by the slightest possible inclination of the head. We could of course hear nothing that passed; but I had taken the precaution of bringing with me an opera-glass of long focus, which enabled me to watch the countenances of the speakers, and to note their changes as accurately as if I had been close at hand.

There was at first nothing in the man's countenance at all impertinent or disrespectful; so far at least as I could judge; for the shade of his hat, and the large wrapper round his chin, did not allow any of his features to be seen very distinctly. After a short conversation, I judged from the expression of Miss Compton's face that he had said something which she treated with suspicion and incredulity; and I was confirmed in the supposition by seeing him thrust his hand into his breast-pocket and draw out a paper packet, which I could plainly discern was tied round with tape and sealed with a large seal. Miss Compton instantly advanced to look closely at the packet; and he as instantly backed his horse, and held the packet up in the air, as if putting it out of her reach. He then seemed as if he was exacting from her a promise not to attempt to seize the packet; for she shook her head decidedly, and looked intensely scornful and indignant, as if she would make no such promise; and the man moved it more completely out of her reach. She appeared, however, satisfied as to the identity of the packet with that which she had lost; for a most animated dialogue was carried on for ten minutes or a quarter of an

hour, during which both speakers were manifestly getting more and more excited. Miss Compton gave repeated gestures indicative of dissent and anger, and the man's manner was less and less respectful.

Presently he backed his horse a few paces, and held out the packet towards her, as if tempting her to seize it; and the defiant air of his countenance, and the scarcely controlled irritation of hers, convinced me that something of the kind was going on. This went on for a short time; she now and then making a sudden move, as if about to attempt to get possession of the packet, and yet apparently angry with herself for suffering herself to be so affected. Soon I began to suspect that there was some further scheme concealed in all this manoeuvring; for I observed that the man continued edging off little by little towards the gate at which he had entered, and further away from Miss Compton's party; she following him, and thus drawing further and further from our protection. Wondering what could be the meaning of this, I examined the horse the man was riding, and noticed that it was a strong-boned, powerful animal, and that it answered the slightest touch of the spur or rein in a moment. What could his scheme be? Surely the man, who certainly was a person of considerable height and strength, did not meditate any personal violence. Did he want to seize her, drag her on to his own horse, and ride away, while his followers kept us in check? Or was it his game to tempt her to follow him in a wild race, till he had led her to some out-of-the-way haunt, where succour could not reach her till he had exacted from her terrors any terms he chose to demand?

Whatever was his scheme, however, it was soon frustrated. Miss Compton suddenly made her horse spring forward upon him, seized the packet, and as the fellow was for a moment paralysed with astonishment, struck him a blow across the face with her heavy whip, so that he positively reeled in his saddle; and away she dashed through the lower gate at full gallop.

As soon as the man had recovered himself, he followed her at the top of his speed, and the whole field rode or ran in pursuit as fast as their horses' or their own legs would carry them.

It was a most extraordinary and exciting scene. Our horses being for the most part much better than those ridden by the mounted portion of the opposite party, we came up to the gate, though from a more distant point, at the same time; and the passage through was half a race, half a fight. Many severe blows were given and taken on both sides; but we, though not

the most numerous, had by far the best of it; and when we were fairly out into the open country our party was the foremost, with the exception of one of the other side, whose horse was the fastest animal on the ground, and its rider not a heavy weight. The country on this side of the field of rendezvous proved to be a large common, with no boundary yet visible. For all I could see, it might be miles in extent; and but for the tracks of cart-wheels, dangerous to horses going at a quick pace, it seemed made for an exhausting race.

Miss Compton was already far ahead of us, and her pursuer was some little distance behind her. At first I supposed that she would not go over the common, but take the direction of the Hall; and I said as much to one of the grooms who was galloping at my side.

"No, no, sir," said the man, "that'll never do. There's too many gates to open to make that way safe. That villain would be upon her before she was through the first. I don't exactly see what she's after; but she's a game bird is that mistress of ours, and she'll give the scoundrel a pretty dance of it."

"What ought we to do?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "if you'll all take my advice, I think some of us ought not to ride on at their heels. I guess she means to turn by and by, and will ride round to us; and I think some ought to stay behind and be ready for her."

"That's true," said I; "but look at that other scoundrel in front of us. He's gaining on them every instant, and the two will be upon her at once."

"Not he, sir," replied the groom; "that beast has no wind. I heard him roar as we passed the gate. Look you, sir; he's falling back already."

"But how does Miss Compton ride?" I inquired; "is she up to such a race?"

"Ay, and twice as much," exclaimed the man; "there's not a better rider at a fence in the whole county. Why, I've seen her—there, there she goes; doubling like a hare before the hounds!"

Instinctively we turned our horses' heads in the same direction, while the foremost of Miss Compton's pursuers was sharing the fate of a greyhound, and was carried by his horse far along in his original direction before he could turn completely round. Now, again, Miss Compton turned towards a third point of the compass, and rode full tilt towards a high hedge, with apparently neither gate nor gap to break its length. She cleared it at a bound, and was soon followed by her pursuer.

"That's her game," cried the man who rode at my side; "if she does but know it. That villain's horse will be tired out over the fences long before hers. I saw the fellow dig his spurs into the animal's sides before he'd take the leap."

The doublings in the chase had now brought the few horsemen of the opposite party, who kept pretty closely together, between us and Miss Compton, so that she could not seek safety with us without passing them; and we wondered which way she would turn next. Just then she bounded back again over the hedge which she had crossed; but at a considerably farther distance from us. It was clear that she was now gaining on her pursuer; for it was some little time before he followed her. Meantime she had dashed again over the common, in the direction of the stream which formed its lower boundary.

"Good heavens!" I cried; "she's surely not making for the stream. No horse could clear it; and as for jumping into the water, why the banks are as upright as a wall, and must be twenty feet deep if they're a yard."

"There *is* a place where the stream is narrower," said the man, "but even there, it's few horses that will try it; specially those not used to that sort of thing. No doubt she's making for the narrowest place."

We drove the spurs into our horses, now getting very weary, and watched the race with the intensest eagerness; when, alas! all seemed lost. Stumbling, as it seemed in one of the cart-tracks which crossed the common, Miss Compton's horse blundered and fell, and she rolled upon the ground. No harm was done, nevertheless. She sprung to her feet, patted her horse encouragingly, mounted, and was off as rapidly as before. Her pursuer, however, was close upon her; and it was impossible, my companion said, that she could reach the narrow part of the stream before he overtook her. As for our steeds, they were utterly blown; and we lagged hopelessly behind, and the rest of the field were still farther distant.

"She's going for the water!" cried the groom; "she can't clear it; but it's her only chance."

Almost as he spoke, the daring rider put her horse to the terrifying leap; but he swerved and was afraid. Again she tried him, as her pursuer was within a few yards of her. We could see her strike the horse's flanks a tremendous stripe; he answered it, and flew across the stream.

"She's over!" cried the groom in ecstasy; "it's the finest done thing I ever saw in my life!"

"Ha! what's that?" I exclaimed, "the fellow's getting off his horse. What's he after now? As I live, Miss Comp-

ton has dropped the packet, and that scoundrel will have it, after all."

And so it was. In the last wild effort to get her horse to take the frightening leap, she had lost her hold upon the recovered parcel, and it fell to the ground. Her pursuer saw it, seized it, pocketed it, remounted, and galloped away.

As for ourselves, we rode along the banks till we came to a bridge, and sought a farm-house, not far from the spot where Miss Compton had crossed, and towards which she had proceeded. There we found her, totally exhausted, and bitterly disappointed. A carriage was sent for to take her home; and all present hope of getting fresh tidings of the packet was over for the present.

CHAPTER XI.

A CLUE AND ITS ISSUE.

My engagements now required me to return to London without further delay. Roger remained behind, installed in the cottage, and spending his days in the library, now suggestive to him of recollections very different from those which he had anticipated from its richly-stored shelves. He was much depressed; and but for the advice of Miss Compton, who told him that his immediately leaving the neighbourhood would certainly give a colour to any suspicions that might have got abroad, I believe he would have hastened back, to be comforted by Louise, and try to put an end to the persecutions of her other admirer. He made me promise that I would go and see her as soon as possible on my arrival in town, and assure her that I fully exonerated him from all dishonourable or dishonest conduct. Besides, he hoped that she might be able to throw some light on the affair, as she had often seen the ring in question, and might possibly be able to tell him when he last had possession of it. She often had told him to take better care of it, and to get rid of his habit of fidgiting it about on and off his fingers. I confess I did not expect much elucidation from this quarter. The thing seemed one of those unaccountable mischances, when every body is at fault, and the most important results follow from trifling causes.

As I had expected, Louise could give no help. She was greatly distressed; and I really began to fancy the girl was devotedly attached to poor Roger. She certainly was a sensible as well as a lively girl; and if only she had been in a more fitting station in life, after all she might do pretty well for a man like Roger, who never would get on in the world.

I must say also, that her conduct was scrupulously faultless; and I could not have believed, till I saw it, that any one in her forlorn condition, so young and so nearly friendless, and above all so pretty, could maintain so excellent a character.

A fortnight passed away, when a letter came from Roger, protesting that he must come home, at all risks.

"I can bear it no longer," said he. "My spirits are utterly broken. Miss Compton is kindness itself; but there is a cloud over me that darkens every thing. Louise writes me word that this fellow Seymour is worrying the life out of her with his addresses. She believes he means well; but he'll take no refusal, and actually dogs her steps when she goes out. I see she wants me to be near her again; for she's getting terribly afraid of this man, who, she declares, perfectly overpowers her whenever he can get an opportunity of speaking to her.

"Then here's this miserable business of the ring again. Just when I was hoping nothing had got abroad about it, and was intending to say nothing about it to my mother, out comes an infamous paragraph in the county paper, mentioning me almost by name, with all sorts of rascally insinuations about the robbery. Where they got the story I can't conceive, nor can Miss Compton either; unless it was that that hot-headed and pig-headed old general, Sir Arthur Wentworth, has been gossiping among his friends; and so, from one person to another, the lie has got regularly abroad, and some mischief-maker must needs put it into the newspaper. Oh, my dear fellow! what shall I do? I am torn first one way, then another. If I go from here, the 'squire' protests I shall give a colour to this vile slander; and then there is this new trouble about Louise, driving me sometimes almost out of my senses. Do advise me with that cool heart and clear head of yours. Louise *tells* me to stay here; but yet I see she is seriously afraid of this man. She says the passionateness of his manner is quite alarming: she never saw an Englishman fiery before. If it was not that such things are impossible in London, I do believe the man would carry her off, and make her marry him against her will. Yet she thinks he is really some sort of a gentleman, though a bad one; in fact, she says, his face shows him to be a thorough scamp; and when he loses his temper, it is quite awful. Poor dear Louise, what a forlorn situation for a poor friendless girl! There's some old French emigrant Abbé or other that she's mightily fond of, and I've advised her to consult him about it; but he's out of town just now; and what acquaintances she has are quite unable to protect her against an unscrupulous scoundrel. Oh, if I had but a decent little income, enough

to make her tolerably comfortable! For you know she couldn't go on millinering if she was married to me. My mother wouldn't stand that. And then there's this wretched ring business hanging over me. I could not marry a girl with such an infamous accusation upon me not disproved. I could never bring myself to allow her to marry a reputed *felon*."

And so he ran on through the rest of a long letter. The only advice I could give him was to wait; and I promised to see if I could do any thing for Louise. He took my advice for a few days longer; and then, finding himself perfectly unequal to his literary task at the Hall, one morning he suddenly appeared in my room, travel-weary and heart-weary, but glad to be again in London.

"Well," said I, when our greetings were over, "and what said Miss Compton to your coming away?"

"Oh!" said Roger, "she quite came into it at last. I couldn't help it,—I told her all about Louise."

"You don't say so!" cried I, astonished at his rashness.

"And precious glad I am that I did," he replied. "I told you all along the 'squire' was a true woman, with all her amazonian propensities. I thought she'd have a secret corner in her heart for a love-story; and so it proved. She hummed and hawed, it's true, pretty considerably at first; but when at last I showed her Louise's last letters to me since the row about the ring, her heart fairly melted, and she only said she should never have expected so much sense from a Frenchwoman."

"And you told her your lady-love was an actual milliner and maker of dresses? What said the owner of the princely estate of Compton Hall to that?"

"She said it couldn't be helped; and as Louise's parents were in a better position, why if she married me, she would only be rising to her proper sphere. At last she actually offered to tell my mother of it, on one positive condition;—that I should not marry till I had the means of supporting a wife in a proper way."

"And you agreed?"

"Of course I did. And I also told her that I never would marry her till this charge against me is cleared up. Whereupon she shook me by the hand, and declared that she honoured me for it; and that as the affair had happened in her house, she would supply me with money in plenty if it was wanted, and there seemed any chance of setting me right, even if she herself were never to see the stolen papers again. 'Besides,' said she, 'I have the slightest possible clue to begin with,—that is, to begin with only; for what would be the next step, I have not the remotest idea. When my niece comes back, I

shall consult with her. She is very quick at suggestions and in unravelling difficulties, when her religious notions don't interfere; and as soon as she returns, we shall see what can be done. However, count nothing upon it; for most likely my clue will turn out a mere mare's nest after all.' And so here I am; and now what about Louise?"

I had nothing new to tell him; and away he went, without further conversation.

After this, affairs went on much as they had done before my visit to Compton Hall; except that Roger's spirits remained seriously affected. As for myself, I perceived that I was steadily, and yet not slowly, making way. The results of my visit to the disturbed districts were considered perfectly satisfactory; and as a singular favour, a leading-article of my writing, bearing on the politic treatment of the labouring classes, was inserted in the *Daily Press*, on an occasion when an article expected from another quarter was not forthcoming. The disturbances in the country gradually subsided. Many of the rioters were tried, found guilty, and punished with various degrees of severity. But of the true nature of the leadership under which they had acted nothing transpired, whatever was suspected. No news came from the Hall to poor Roger, who began to pine over his work, and to suspect that he was totally unfitted for the wear and tear of London newspaper life. At length, quite unexpectedly, he received an offer of a kind of sub-editorship to a paper of second-rate standing, which gave him a considerable increase of salary, and a position altogether more permanent and responsible than that which he held in the office of the *Daily Press*. He undertook the new work with alacrity; but to my surprise, calling one day with him upon Louise, I found that she did not regard his appointment with much pleasure.

"He cannot do it, Mr. Walker," said she. "This kind of life is not for him. It wants a cooler head and a colder heart than my poor Roger possesses."

She spoke very fair English, with a great deal of *naïveté* and the prettiest accent possible, rendered all the more *piquant* by the laughing good-humour with which she asked and received corrections of her occasional blunders. As this cannot be conveyed on paper, I give her words in the nearest corresponding grammatical English.

Her expectations proved only too true. The new appointment did not suit poor Roger's romantic notions, nor his want of business habits. The journal with which he had got connected, though respectable, was not really commercially independent; and Roger found it hard to bring his theories

of truth and honour into perfect harmony with the injunctions of his chief.

"Here's a villanous production!" he cried one day to me, slapping his hand on the open page of a newly-published volume of poetry; "mawkish twaddle—Brummagem Byron—barely decent; yet I'm told to hash up a review of the trash, without one syllable of censure, because the publisher must not be affronted. Bah! it makes one sick of the whole thing. Here's not one word of truth ever to be spoken about ——'s, and ——'s, and ——'s books, whatever abominable rubbish they put out, because they're the great kings of the book-trade, and must be conciliated for the sake of their advertisements!"

The consequence of these high-wrought notions was what might have been expected. Either Roger wrote milk-and-water platitudes, or he said what gave mortal offence to those to whom he was responsible. Then again, the sort of mill-horse work which newspaper duty requires suited ill with his vivacious but somewhat irregular temperament. He had to repair to the office at six or seven o'clock every evening, except Saturday, and remain there till one, two, or sometimes three o'clock in the morning. Killing work, indeed, for the strong, cool, and regular; what, then, to the delicate, excitable, and unsteady!

"Oh!" cried he, one afternoon to me, looking in upon me on his way to his toils; "oh, that I had been bred a plough-boy! Then I should at least have grown up to be a man, and an honest one, and not been a slave, and a rogue into the bargain; for I really feel this vile journalising not much better than swindling."

"And never have seen Louise?" said I. "Is that part of your wish, Roger?"

"Nonsense!" cried he. "You know what I mean."

"Perhaps, then," said I,—for I was in a humour for teasing him a little,—"you wish Mademoiselle Fanchette had been a French peasant-girl, stumping about in wooden shoes, with rosy elbows, horny hands, and a red handkerchief on the top of her head half-a-yard high."

"That's just what she said herself this very day," said Roger, laughing; "only she said it so funnily and archly, it quite revived me; for I was making a fool of myself to her, and desponding and grumbling enough to try the sweetest-tempered girl in the world."

"I've no doubt you make yourself considerably disagreeable sometimes," said I.

"I'm afraid I do," said he, looking absurdly penitent.

"And, by Jove! what a way she has of laughing it all off, and mixing up little stray bits of common sense, and religion, and all that, with it, without seeming at all as if she was preaching! Where does the girl get it all? Then, when I get a little better, and leave off my groanings, up she jumps, and dances along the room, humming one of her French tunes, as if all she cared for in life was a quadrille. I don't believe there's another girl like her in all London."

"Perhaps not another milliner," I suggested, a little maliciously.

"That's her misfortune, and not her fault," rejoined he. "Yet, by Jove! I do believe she likes it notwithstanding. Good gracious! to see the pleasure with which she contemplates some new piece of Parisian flippery; and talks about colours, and ribbons, and the last new fashions, with as much good faith and interest as if she was discussing the drapery of an old Greek statue. And what do you think, of all things on earth, she does besides? I only found it out by chance the other day. She actually *fasts*!"

"That's the little Abbé's doing, I suppose," said I. "By the way, have you seen that charming little specimen of ecclesiastical noblesse lately?"

"I saw him yesterday. He's as fresh as ever. Do you know, Benjamin, I like the little Abbé excessively."

"Well," said I, "I like him well enough myself. As for mademoiselle, I suppose she quite adores him. You ought to be jealous, Roger."

"Pooh!" said he; "not quite that. He's old enough to be her grandfather; besides, you know, those priests can't marry. It really was the prettiest thing in the world to see Louise's reception of him the other day. I was talking to her, when the Abbé's quiet little knock was heard at the door. I opened it, and the little man entered, as neat and well dressed, with his long white hair—as much of it as is left—hanging down behind his head, as if he was paying a visit to a court-lady at Versailles. Up jumped Louise, seized the Abbé's hand, and kissed it; while he patted her on her bent head, saying, '*Que le bon Dieu te bénît toujours, ma chère fille!*'—Listen; there's the Abbé himself, I do believe, tapping meekly at your door."

"Come in!" I cried; and forthwith entered the very man.

"Good afternoon, M. de Villeul," said I, returning his polite greeting as politely as possible, for I really liked him.

"*Ah! mon cher M. Roger,*" exclaimed he, shaking Roger's hand; "here you are. I have been to your *appartement*—"

ment, and they said you were gone out very *miserable, tout-à-fait abîmé*. But, my dear friend, you must not despond. I have great pity for you; and when you marry *ma chère petite Louise*, you will remember all you have suffered, and thank our good God for it."

"I'm afraid, M. de Villeul," observed Roger, in a penitent tone, "that I sometimes give Louise a good deal of trouble. Tell me, is she really very unhappy?"

"Well, my dear friend," said the Abbé, "to say the truth, sometimes you do. Two or three times I have found her in tears; and though she begins laughing and chattering when I come in, I see that she suffers much in secret for you. I hope you will be a good husband to her, my dear M. Roger."

"I shall be a villain if I am not," cried Roger.

"Well, well," returned the Abbé, "I think you will; and you have been a very good boy about her from the first, and always done what I advised her to require of you, never coming to visit her except just for an hour or two in the afternoon. And I like you for not wishing to marry till your character is cleared about that ring."

"But, M. de Villeul," I interposed, "what do you, with your rigid notions, say to her marrying a heretic like my friend Roger here?"

"Ah! well, well," said he, smiling, and laying his hand kindly on Roger's arm, "it is *very* seldom I approve of such things; but I hope he is more a heretic by accident than by intention, I am sure. And he has given his promise that the law of the Church shall be strictly observed. But now I have got some news for you, *mon cher Roger*. Ah, now, do not look for too much. Perhaps it is nothing after all."

"Any thing from Miss Compton?" eagerly exclaimed Roger.

"From—what do you call her niece, Miss —, Miss —?"

"Miss Vernon!" cried Roger; "you don't say so! What can she be after with Louise? She never did us any thing but mischief."

"Ah! well, well," said the Abbé, "it is not mischief, I do think. She has written a letter to Mademoiselle Fanchette, to say that she is come to London, and wishes to see her; but not to meddle with her religion. And she is going to Louise's lodgings to-morrow afternoon; and she wishes you to go there at the same time to meet her."

"Good heavens! what can it be!" exclaimed Roger.

"Ah! well," rejoined the Abbé, "we shall see. But now, have you seen that man,—what do you call him,—that has plagued poor Louise so much,—Mr. —?"

"Seymour?" said Roger. "I was in hopes that scoundrel had made himself scarce, after his last rebuff. You don't mean to say that he has been tormenting her again?"

"Not exactly," said M. de Villeul; "but I have heard something about the man, and I have my fears that he is a desperate person. My poor Louise is terribly afraid of him. But now I must go. Do not forget to-morrow."

So saying, the venerable little man took his leave, making his adieux with as much grace as if we had been kinsfolk of his brother, the Marquis de Villeul, murdered some forty years before during the reign of terror in Paris.

When the next afternoon came, Roger was seriously ill in bed. Nightwork, excitement, the consciousness of the trouble that weighed him down, and the confinement in London, which he detested, were telling seriously on his health: and in hopes of being able to go to his newspaper duties at the proper hour of the evening, he was lying in bed the whole of the morning and afternoon. He wished me to go in his place to meet Miss Vernon, and carry his excuses. Poor fellow! he was not in a position to leave his bed perhaps for days to come. Certainly this newspaper life is not for men like him. It needs an iron digestion, nerves of leather, a cool disposition, and a freedom from all nonsensical romance. None of these things, unfortunately, were Roger's.

On proceeding to mademoiselle's, I found her and Miss Vernon in a manifestly friendly conversation. The very dignified Clementina received me with positive graciousness. "What *can* have happened," thought I, "to have melted the magnificence of this haughty Juno?" She apologised for finishing her conversation with Louise in an under-tone, as they had something in discussion which could not yet be made known.

Presently Louise started from her seat, and exclaimed eagerly, "I will try! But your dress, mademoiselle, will not assist me. Ah! I see! I have a bonnet and a shawl very like; perhaps, only perhaps, they will do. Will mademoiselle do me the honour to put on my poor shawl and bonnet for five minutes?"

"By all means in the world," replied Miss Vernon; while I stared, and wondered what on earth all this could mean.

Louise accordingly retreated out of the sitting-room; and immediately returned with a shawl and bonnet, with which she rapidly invested her visitor, in place of those which Miss Vernon was wearing.

"Will mademoiselle be so kind as to change her place?"

she then said, the grand Clementina submitting to the little Parisian's arrangements with incomprehensible meekness.

"There; that is it, I think," continued Louise. "And now let me see, what is it next? My work-box, or my little inkstand, or my desk?"

And she stood still, shutting her eyes quite close, and meditating for a few moments.

"Ha! I am sure, quite sure," she cried, "it is the inkstand. There it is, just in the right place, I am sure. Now, then, mademoiselle, I will try; but I am afraid it will not come. Pardon me while I get together my thoughts; for it is a very serious thing, and you know what depends upon it."

So saying, she turned round, looking towards the opposite side of the room, as I fancied, that we might not see her face or gestures. There happened, however, to be a looking-glass just facing where I sat, and in it I saw the reflection of her countenance. Its whole merry vivacity was completely vanished, and was succeeded by a look of extreme seriousness. She lifted her eyes upwards as if she was actually praying, and crossed herself; and I could perceive her lips quickly moving, as if she was speaking. Then as rapidly she turned round again; not a trace of the expression of gravity was visible on her features, except that she seemed intensely interested in what she was doing. She moved her chair to and fro, sitting down and getting up again, as if she could not satisfy herself with her position, and finally quietly subsided into an attitude of thought, when she closed her eyes, seemingly busied in deep meditation. I sat still, wondering what on earth was the meaning of this extraordinary pantomime, every now and then stealing a glance at Miss Vernon, who looked extremely interested and anxious, but to all appearance was not in the least surprised at Louise's proceedings.

Whatever Louise was meditating on, her thoughts proved unsatisfactory; for before long she rose, exclaiming,

"No! it will not do. It is gone; but yet it is not quite gone, I am sure. It is lost somewhere in the corners of my head."

Then she began pacing to and fro in the little apartment, with her forefinger on her forehead, as if labouring to recall some memory, and muttering something about "*Saint Antoine, Saint Antoine, s'il vous plait*," which I could not catch. Then again resuming her chair, she pondered once more; and heaving a sigh, said:

"It is no use; Mr. Walton must be here. I cannot do it without him. The picture is all one confusion."

Then addressing me,—

“ Mr. Walker, he must come to-morrow, or the first day he can. Tell him Miss Vernon and I want him very very much; and if he comes, he will not have to talk, only to sit still.”

And so my visit ended, with this unsatisfactory conclusion. What the pair were driving at, or what Roger's presence could have to do with the business, I could not conceive. On hearing the intelligence, Roger was excited to the highest pitch of astonishment and bewilderment, and made himself far worse by the agitation he threw himself into; for he was possessed with the idea that something of great importance to himself depended on these incomprehensible proceedings. The following morning he was so ill, that leaving his bed was out of the question; and he had begun inditing a most dismal epistle to Louise when I entered his room, just as he was receiving a note from the young lady herself.

“ *Mon cher ami,*” wrote mademoiselle, “ you need not come. It is found. We do not want you. I am going to Miss Vernon's house to-day; and to-morrow she is to take me—where do you think?—to Compton Hall. You need not write to me; I shall write to you when I have any thing to tell. L. F.”

This mysterious epistle astonished Roger and myself more than ever. As to going on with his journalist duties while this enigma remained unsolved, even if Roger had been perfectly well, for a man of his temperament it was out of the question. I made the best temporary arrangement I could for him with his chief, so as to excuse him from work for a time; and he began to recover. No letter, however, coming from Louise for several days, he began to get seriously excited; and would have fallen back again, when there arrived, not a letter from Louise, but a kind note from Miss Compton, telling Roger that his old quarters at the cottage were ready to receive him, that a yeomanry ball was about to take place at Compton Hall, at which she hoped he would be present, and that he was to convey a similar invitation to myself. A polite sentence followed, to the effect that young men were sometimes a little hard up for ready money, and begging Roger's acceptance of a 20*l.* note, now enclosed. A postscript said that Mademoiselle Fanchette was at the Hall, and quite well.

“ And not a word from Louise herself,” exclaimed Roger, in a tone of disappointment. “ No doubt the ‘squire’ won't let her write. Well, the ‘squire’ is as splendid as ever; and I shall certainly go; so of course will you, most respectable Benjamin.”

Of course I was delighted to go; and as it happened that

my yearly holiday was soon to begin, I easily arranged to be at the Hall in time for the festivities.

We found the Hall alive with preparations for the coming *fête*. An immense temporary erection, half-barn, half-tent, had been put up in a field near the house; one portion of it for the dancing, another for the supper. The 'squire' herself was brilliant; entering keenly into the spirit of the entertainment, and making her preparations with a lavish hand. Some of the principal gentry of the neighbourhood were already on a visit at the Hall; and the animation and activity with which its mistress performed all the duties of a hostess, while superintending the arrangements for the grand entertainment itself, excited Roger to the highest pitch of admiration.

Of Louise we did not see much. She was cordial and lively as ever, and unaffectedly delighted to see Roger; but she was in possession of some secret or other, of which she refused to give him any inkling; and all he could extract from her was a confession that Miss Compton *hoped* a clue was in process of being discovered to the affair of the ring. As to the lost packet, she admitted they had some distant idea into whose hands it had fallen; but they had no hope of getting possession. For some unexplained reason or other, no legal advantage had as yet been taken of its loss by any one; though an intimation had been made to Miss Compton that the parties in possession of it were only biding their time.

Louise's principal occupation seemed to be the sharing in the decorating of the ball-room, in which her French taste and readiness at resource made her quite an authority. And most amusing it was to see her tripping by the side of the stately Clementina, who deferred to her with a sort of royal submissiveness, and hardly ventured to know her own mind as to the proper position of a wreath of artificial roses, or the turn of a sweep of calico drapery, without first receiving the fiat of mademoiselle's judgment thereon. As for the workmen, they seemed to regard the little Frenchwoman as a phenomenon to be stared at, but at any rate to be obeyed. Their untutored rustic ears were often puzzled by her accent; while the rapidity of her movements and the decision of her directions, at times produced no result but that of making them stand stock-still and open their clumsy mouths in hopeless bewilderment. Miss Compton regarded her arrangements with complacent pleasure, smiling not a little at her vivacious proceedings, and putting in a word of apology for the blunders and stupidity of carpenters and under-decorators. The parson, too, her scientific brother, every now and then wandered to the scene of action, looking benevolent and absent, and peering with his

short-sighted eyes into the heaps of artificial flowers which grew under the hands of Louise and the lady's-maids, her chief assistants.

At length the day of the *fête* came. A new pair of colours was presented to the yeomanry regiment by Miss Compton herself; crowds of people swarmed from the neighbouring towns and villages to see the sight; the commanding officer of the regiment made a tremendously patriotic and extremely common-place speech; the yeomanry executed a few very simple manœuvres, in the course of which only half-a-dozen, or thereabouts, of their number, lost their seats and tumbled off their nags to the ground; while shouts of laughter rent the air at the sight of the parson charging *nolens volens* among the agricultural troopers, and vainly tugging at his horse's bridle in the hope of turning him away from this very unclerical display. The fact was, the parson had mislaid his spectacles; and being singularly little given to use his eye-sight, except when some defunct curiosity called for examination, he had unwittingly mounted a horse belonging to one of the yeomanry instead of his own; and when the trumpet sounded a charge, the nag, accustomed to obey the warlike clangour, instantly joined the ranks, and defied all its rider's efforts to restrain its zeal. Meanwhile the parson's own nag, a fat, sleek animal, rejoicing in three daily feeds of corn and troubled with a very small amount of work, had been mounted by the trooper, who in an unlucky moment had left his own nag for the purpose of imbibing a draught from a cask of ale which was being distributed to sundry thirsty souls. With much difficulty he succeeded in forcing the ecclesiastical animal into his place in the ranks, which was unfortunately close by the side of a young cornet, who, rejoicing in the new colours, flapped the shining silk not a little into the eyes of the bewildered beast. The animal, unused to such proceedings, speedily dashed from the ranks, flew across the field, stimulated by the unwonted pricking of the spurs, and driven to desperation by the banging on his side of the trooper's dangling scabbard, not to mention the gleaming of the sword which the rider (a fat farmer of some twenty stone weight) continued to brandish in his very eyes, never stopped till he arrived at the stable-door of the parsonage at Compton Parva. There he deposited his discomfited burden upon a pile of straw, which luckily lay ready to receive him, and quietly entered his stall.

After the military display followed a due amount of eating and drinking, together with a small allowance of toast-giving and speech-making; and after that, with a brief interval for rest, during which the wives and daughters of the yeomanry

arrived in vehicles of every sort and kind, the dancing began. Every body was in the highest spirits; every body observed Louise, and asked his neighbour who the little woman was who was so well dressed, and danced so well, and talked so fast; and every body with an eye for the comical quizzed the figures of the farmer-soldiers, as they walked about or bounced to and fro in the dance, in all the awkward smartness of ill-fitting uniforms. All the young officers who could engage her hand danced with Louise, and poor Roger could with difficulty secure her as a partner for a single dance. Most people in his circumstances would have been tormented with jealousy. But jealousy was no part of Roger's character; and then, it must be said, Louise was not a bit of a coquette.

When supper-time came, the energies of the guests took a new direction. The feast, if not quite up to the aldermanic standard of venison and turtle, was not very far behind, and in quantity was fully up to the true agricultural mark. Where the beef, mutton, lamb, veal, fowls, ducks, game, jellies, puddings, tarts, &c. &c. had all been cooked, was incomprehensible; and what was to become of the boundless array of solids was equally incomprehensible, until five minutes' experience of the capacities of the guests assured me that the hostess had not over-estimated their capabilities.

"*O dura messorum ilia!*" exclaimed Roger to me, from the opposite side of one of the tables, as from the corners of his eyes he watched a youthful agriculturist disposing of his fifth plateful of cold boiled beef.

The merriment was at its height when, fatigued and heated, I quietly retreated to the ball-room for a little repose and cooler air. A few of the less hungry girls and women had already preceded me, and were leisurely promenading the floor. Around the door outside we could see a crowd of uninvited boys and men, gazing with wistful eyes into the tempting scene of brilliancy. Soon afterwards, Miss Vernon and Louise entered from the supper-room; and as they passed the doorway, I observed that Louise looked surprised and startled. With her companion she retreated to the further end of the room, and remained for a while in earnest conversation. They then returned towards the entrance, as I fancied, keeping close to the wall, so as not to be seen from without; and I imagined that they were endeavouring to ascertain who were the people crowded around on the outside. Whatever was their wish, they at last came very near; and at the same time a cry was heard from without, as of a person in great pain.

"A man in a fit!" called out some voices from the crowd.

At this Miss Vernon and Louise stepped out, asking what

was the matter, at the same time calling to me to come also. Getting out into the darkness and confusion, I could not at first see where I was; and the people were pushing and crowding so, unfortunately, that I could not keep sight of Miss Vernon and her companion. Then I heard the former calling for Louise, as if separated from her, and demanding to know where was the man who was taken ill. The crowd still pushed more and more; and I began suspecting the presence of a gang of pickpockets, or mischief of some sort or other, when a loud scream rose above the hubbub, and then another stifled cry. I strove in vain to force my way outwards; and during a momentary pause in the confused clamour of voices, caught distinctly the noise of horses' feet galloping violently away.

"Make way there! make way! I insist upon it!" cried the commanding voice of Miss Vernon, as just then she succeeded in approaching the door from the midst of the mob; and, pale with terror, beckoned to me to follow her to a spot out of reach of the hearing of others.

"Go instantly to my aunt," she said; "get her to speak to you without attracting notice, and tell her that two men have just carried off Louise on horseback. The man in a fit was a trick to get her out; and there must have been many in the plot. Go without losing a single moment, and never mind me."

A CONVERSION UNDER THE OLD PENAL LAWS.

A RELATIVE of the authoress of the remarkable narrative which recently appeared in the *Rambler* under the above title, has communicated to us the following additional particulars relative to the religious history of the family. They were received from Lady A. herself, and related to her grandfather, Lord N., who apostatised.

When Lord N. was dying in Dublin, said Lady A., he sent for my mother, Lady B. (who was then the Lady Lieutenant), and told her that for the last two years he had been reconciled to the Catholic Church; that the gentleman residing with him under the pretext of assisting him in his favourite study (mathematics) was in reality an Italian priest, and therefore by this means he had been able to practise his religion; but he was obliged to observe a profound secrecy on the subject in consequence of the law "against relapsed Papists," which would deprive his daughter of her inheritance if his return to the Catholic Church were known. But he added, "Mary, bitter has been my struggle and grief for having edu-

cated you a Protestant ; I entreat of you to examine and seek that truth which is only to be found in the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I die in deep sorrow, begging God to have mercy on you and on me," and he wept bitterly. My mother's first impulse was to throw herself into his arms, and console this dying father with the account of her long-concealed conversion ; but instantly recollecting the solemn promise she had made to her husband, and overwhelmed with emotion, she only thought of returning immediately to Lord B., earnestly to implore him to release her from her promise, that she might relieve her father from the remorse that was breaking his heart.

Lord N. was much pained by her eagerness to quit him, as he could not divine the cause ; and by the little he said showed how he felt it, attributing her conduct to a desire to avoid the subject ; but on her assuring him she would speedily return to him, he allowed her to depart, and she drove instantly to the Castle. Lord B. was out, and then engaged in business till late that day. Meantime, intense anxiety, together with the agitation of the scene she had passed through, made her so ill, that, before Lord B. returned, the doctors had enforced extreme quiet, and would not allow her to quit her room, whilst her own agitation made her every hour worse and more unable to return to her father. In the mean time, it pleased God to take Lord N. ; and thus he died without knowing that secret which alone could have comforted him, had he seen his daughter again ; and no doubt Almighty God permitted this bitter anguish and comfortless death-bed in mercy to the penitent sinner, who thus might expiate by temporal punishment a portion at least of the debt incurred to divine justice.

Reviews.

EDUCATION.—THE MAYNOOTH REPORT.

1. *Report of the Maynooth Commission, 1855.*
2. *German Letters on English Education.* By Dr. L. Weise, Professor in the Royal School at Joachimsthal. Translated by W. D. Arnold. Longman.

IF any question involving the interests of Catholicism could ever be said to be "permanently settled," we might hope that such a consummation would result, as far as Maynooth is concerned, from the Report now at last issued by the Commissioners. In fact, however, we do not hope for any thing

of the kind. While the Church is the Church, and the world is the world, the spirit of inherent antagonism existing between the two will afresh stir up every "Catholic question" from time to time, as long as time shall last. It is idle to hope for peace from an enemy such as ours. We cannot have it. We cannot have fair representations from the multitude. They cannot hear reason; or when they can, their leaders will not let them hear it. We shall be, till the end of all things, what we and our Master have been from the beginning,—an enigma, a stumbling-stone, a cause of suspicion and alarm, to most of those with whom we are concerned in our capacity as Catholics.

Doubtless there are brief epochs of rest, and of a species of friendship, or at least of alliance, between the Church and certain individuals and certain sections of the temporal power. Even where faith does not lead a man to submission, his good sense, candour, honour, and prudence, will sometimes forbid him to treat the Church with the vulgar contumely of the mob. Religiously disposed persons, too, who through invincible ignorance cannot recognise the claims of the Church, are yet sometimes mysteriously attracted by their conscience to a friendly line of conduct to Catholicism and individual Catholics. As it may be observed, that Protestant prayers are usually far less heretical than Protestant sermons, so in fact many an Englishman will rave at the Church in the abstract, and yet behave like a good Christian towards Catholics themselves, and treat their religion and religious observances with deference, and almost promote them, when circumstances bring them into contact.

And such a result we really hope for from this long-expected Maynooth report. We trust and believe that there is many a reasonable Protestant in Great Britain, and even in Ireland itself (where Protestantism is so much more fanatical than in England), who will now be convinced that, after all, Maynooth is not the kind of establishment for a wise statesman to kick overboard, and that the most devoted of Anglicans may in conscience wish well to a seminary capable of producing so much good, even if not belonging to that "pure and undefiled branch established in these realms." We do not think any good and intelligent Peer or M.P., whether Tory, Whig, or Radical, can read the evidence given by the professors themselves, and by ecclesiastics connected with education in other Catholic seminaries, and not say to himself, "These are not the men I took them for: they certainly have brains, piety, learning, liberality, loyalty, and good breeding; and it would be the height of folly not to lend a helping hand

to an institution where such men may have the formation of half the clergy of an entire kingdom." Whether the "pressure from without," and the wild frenzy of the unscrupulous multitude, may permit the more sensible portion of our legislators to *act* on their convictions, is quite another thing. We know too well that the votes in the House of Commons are no indications of the real opinions of its members. But whatever the vote on Maynooth, we shall rest satisfied that the Report of the Commissioners has produced an impression on many minds not easily overruled or forgotten.

Of course the extremes of opinion as to Maynooth, on either side, are not satisfied. The school of "Spoon, Spooner, Newdegate" (Lord Brougham's three degrees of comparison) look upon the report as an absolute coquetting with the Scarlet Lady on the part of Protestant England. Every venerable spinster who has the smallest genius for unfulfilled prophecy has already discovered the reason of our disasters in the East in the pages of this iniquitous blue-book. When the Queen's Commissioners were abetting idolatry in Dublin, how could the Queen's army (one third of it consisting of "idolaters") do any thing else but suffer? The thing is clear. It is written in every page of the Apocalypse and the book of Daniel.

Nor are those Catholics satisfied who look upon every unfavourable remark on a Catholic institution as a personal insult, a slighting of the Church herself, a tampering with the enemy, a misprision of Protestantism. Those who expected a grand puff of Maynooth, and find a series of criticisms from its own professors and other ecclesiastics, and some very urgent calls for alterations from the Commissioners, will be thrown some little aback, and think themselves once more personally insulted.

As for ourselves,—and we believe we speak the opinion of not a few of the most zealous Catholics, lay and ecclesiastical, Irish and English—we are, on the whole, delighted with the Report. We do not pretend to like every detail; but taken as a whole, including the evidence of the professors and other distinguished men, we look upon the Report as one of the greatest gains to the cause of education, *both ecclesiastic and secular*, which has for some time fallen to our lot. There is, indeed, little in it that is new to many of us. The criticisms on the present system offered by such witnesses as Dr. Moriarty and Dr. Russell have been floating about only too long among many of the most influential of Irish and English Catholics. Our great satisfaction arises from the manner in which the questions involved are now brought distinctly forward, and

the undeniable authority, good sense, and good taste, with which the advocates for certain changes have stated their views. It is a further advantage resulting from the publication of this evidence, that it allows the handling of certain topics in print which could scarcely have been touched upon before. Notwithstanding the *æſ triplex*, which, since the days of Horace, has been extended from the breast of the mariner to the face of the "Editor," Catholic journalists could hardly discuss the "Maynooth question" with such freedom as to be of any service towards the thorough ventilation of the principles of educational training. Now, however, that we can ensconce ourselves behind the shields of some of our most distinguished ecclesiastics and successful superiors of seminaries, we have no further scruples as to entering the lists of discussion.

The general opinion of the Commissioners we need only briefly indicate; for it is by this time known to every one. They are no advocates for the abolition of Maynooth, nor for either a diminution or enlargement of its revenues; but they think it wants some considerable changes to become thoroughly efficient. Both on the evidence of professors and of *apostate priests*, they absolve it of all charges of fomenting disloyalty to the Queen, or of giving any instruction on the most delicate subjects in morals which has produced injury to the personal characters of its pupils. The popular slanders are thus simply and absolutely refuted. The most loyal Englishman and the most sensitively virtuous may combine to uphold the grant. All that the Commissioners find fault with are various details in the system which interfere with its efficacy *as a Catholic seminary*. There is no pretence at making it a semi-Protestant, Gallican, state-enslaved nursery for young priests, who will serve the world first (in the person of the state), and God next (in the person of the Church). They say, or at least imply, that other Catholic seminaries are better; and that there is no reason why Maynooth should not be one of the first seminaries in the Christian world.

Nor is any thing stated which casts the least imputation on the Superiors of the College, either personally or in their official character. Indeed, so far as any opinion can be gathered from the Report, the professors appear to have left a very favourable impression on the minds of the Commissioners as to their zeal, ability, and religious sincerity. The fault, such as it is, lies in the system; though, perhaps, such deficiencies as those pointed out so strongly by Dr. Russell, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and to which we shall presently allude, are rather an accident than part of the system itself.

What, then, has been the system of Maynooth? For the sake of brevity, we venture to term it the *military* system of education. It is just that system which we should have expected from the late Duke of Wellington, if he had been called upon to devise a scheme for training young ecclesiastics. Its character is such, that one of the most distinguished and efficient ecclesiastics in the United Kingdom told the commissioners, by implication, that he would have nothing to do with the education of any seminary where this method is adopted. This was Dr. Moriarty, now a bishop, and until lately the head of Allhallows College, Drumcondra; an institution as remarkable in its foundation as it has been thoroughly successful in its result. Every prelate, priest, and layman, who knows that seminary, will agree with us in thinking that the opinion of its late superior is of the very highest importance on the subject of ecclesiastical training. The results of his evidence, and of that of the Maynooth professors who agreed with him, is thus summed up by the Commissioners:

“ 1st. The numbers occupying each of the two houses are much too large for the efficient working of any system of discipline. That the largeness of these numbers, on the one hand, precludes any effective supervision or attention to the formation of individual character; and, on the other, tends to engender something of the unsettled and turbulent spirit which characterises a multitude, and which forms a serious obstacle to their training for a spiritual office.

“ 2d. There is too wide and marked a separation between the superiors and the students, the former not associating with the latter at meals, or recreation, or prayers; and the professors especially having no kind of intercourse with or control over their pupils, except during class-hour; that the result of this system is the absence of affectionate relations between the young men and the heads of the college, and of paternal influence on the part of the latter over the former.”

We give the whole of Dr. Moriarty's evidence which the Commissioners themselves quote, feeling sure that our readers will be glad to have it in a form for future reference. We have endeavoured to shorten it by some omissions; but find that it will not bear any curtailment. Describing the system at Allhallows, the following questions were put, and answered as follows:

“ Do the professors and students take their meals together?—They all take their meals together, students and professors.

“ Do you consider it of importance that that course should be followed?—I consider it is of the greatest importance.

“ Will you state for what reason?—In the first place, I consider it of importance, inasmuch as it accustoms the student to a gentle-

manly tone of feeling, by raising him in his social position. I think this is particularly important in our circumstances, when we have to transfer a number of young men to a much higher station in society than that which they previously occupied. It becomes then particularly necessary to make them feel, for years before they begin to move in society, that they belong to that class with which they are hereafter to associate. I think, also, that this association with their superiors, and with the distinguished visitors who will occasionally dine at the college, imposes upon them a gentlemanly restraint, and that it improves and refines their manners.

“Do you think that such training is very necessary for persons who are to alter their positions in society so much in their progress through the college?—So necessary do I think it, that I should not wish to have any thing to do with ecclesiastical education in any college where that course was not followed.

“Is it equally essential, in your opinion, for those who are intended for the mission at home, as for those that go abroad?—There is some difference, but not much. In the missions abroad our students commence to occupy a responsible position almost immediately after their ordination; they come into official intercourse with the civil and military authorities in the British colonies and dependencies; and I, therefore, am more anxious that they should acquire the manners and habits which that responsible position demands.

“Do you not think that a similar intercourse takes place between clergymen and the authorities in this country, which would require all that you seem to exact from clergymen going to foreign missions?—Not exactly to the same extent; because an Irish priest is for some years a curate, and does not commence to occupy so responsible a position until he has been perhaps for several years on the mission. But I think the difference is very trivial.

“Is it the practice of the professors to perform any other duties towards the students besides those of mere teaching; for instance, to attend to their spiritual, or moral, or practical training?—Yes; it is one of the principles of our system that all the directors and the professors shall attend, as far as their particular duties will allow, the spiritual exercises performed by the students. We consider this practice of the utmost importance, upon the common principle that example is better than precept; and also because the students will perform the spiritual exercises, not as a task imposed, but as duties becoming their state, and they will be more likely to contract permanent habits of piety and order.

“Do you find that your training does not unfit a man to encounter any hardship or privation to which he may be exposed?—I think not, for our system of discipline is rather severe; early rising, very plain food, rather uncomfortable beds; and, on the whole, there is as little of domestic comfort as in any other college.

“Does it in any way unfit them for intercourse with persons of the meanest condition or of the lowest education?—No; I think, on

the contrary, that students so trained would be more courteous and condescending to persons in a low station.

“His style of manners is not so raised as to make him less acceptable or intelligible to persons of inferior education and station?—The humblest people are pleased and gratified by delicate and refined manners in a clergyman.”

And the same witness thus describes the system of training at St. Sulpice, upon which that of Allhallows was founded:

“The superiors of St. Sulpice associate with the students in the hours of recreation; they wear the same dress, and in all their intercourse treat the students as their equals in social rank. This idea was put forward by the founder, M. Olier, who lived about 1650. He had carved in stone, in the quadrangle of the college, so that it might meet the eye of the student at entrance, the text of St. Paul to the Ephesians, chapter the second, ‘*Jam non estis hospites et advenæ, sed estis cives sanctorum et domestici Dei.*’ I consider that the advantages of this system are,—First, that as we advance in social position, our feeling of responsibility in the regulation of our conduct increases; and the student, who, instead of being governed as a schoolboy, is treated as a clergyman and a gentleman, feels that he has taken his place in society, and that he must begin to act as a clergyman and a gentleman should. Secondly, by associating as a friend and companion with those in authority, his feelings and interests become identified with theirs; and he is through life a more moderate and a more obedient man. Thirdly, his manners are refined by associating with those who have more experience of the world. Fourthly, there is a constant effort on the part of the superiors to form the minds and hearts of the students in their conversations with them. It is true that a superior in such association with the students might act imprudently by speaking lightly of the discipline of the college, or of his colleagues, or by heating the minds of students with party-questions, either in Church or State; but I consider that there is much more danger of such an imprudence in the opposite system, where it is likely to take place clandestinely; and besides, it simply follows, that if there is a professor or superior capable of acting in such a manner, he is not fit for his office under any system. Fifthly, I have always observed that the contrary system tends either to produce a spirit of sycophancy, or insubordination, or of suspicion of espionage. The Sulpician system, on the contrary, begets a habit of politeness towards superiors, and even of affection, and at the same time engenders in the students a more manly bearing. The next thing which I observe in the system of St. Sulpice is a spirit of trust in the students.

“Of trust, in what respect?—The absence of suspicion in the superior that the student would be guilty of any thing derogatory to his position. This spirit of confidence in the students is carried out by the rule which directs them, should they need a dispensation from college rule, and not find it convenient to ask it, to dispense

themselves, and afterwards inform their superiors that they have done so.

"Is no further surveillance exercised?—Surveillance is, of course, necessary in order to form the habits of students, and in order to ascertain their real character; but, in the St. Sulpician system, surveillance is perfectly attained by the association of the superiors with the students. They watch without watching; the superior is not set over the students like a gaol-warden. The system of discipline is altogether paternal. It is the same system which was carried out with such magnificent results by the great Dr. Arnold of Rugby, who thus formed some of the greatest men of England.

"In fact, you would say that the surveillance is exercised in the same way as the head of a family which is living together becomes acquainted with all their transactions and their characters, without the necessity of any special watch upon their conduct?—Precisely. The Sulpician system in this respect rests upon the principle which a German philosopher thus expressed—'When we treat men as if they were what they are, we leave them what they are; but if we treat men as if they were what they ought to be, we make them what they ought to be.'"

And with respect to the applicability of such a system to Ireland, he thus speaks:

"Do you think the social training, to which you have referred in your answers, to be particularly necessary in Ireland, in addition to moral and intellectual training?—I consider that it is much more necessary in Ireland than in France. Every class of society in France is generally more refined in manner than the corresponding classes in this country; and hence, supposing the class from which our students are taken to be the same as that in France, greater attention should be paid to the refinement of their manners. I also consider that the circumstances in which our country is placed require that greater attention should be paid to the formation of a meek and gentle Christian character.

"And that you consider would be promoted by the social training which you think is obtained from that mode of communicating between the professors and the students which you have previously described?—Such is my opinion.

"Has the adoption of that system in your college produced a good effect upon the characters of the students?—My experience in our college has confirmed me in the opinion that it is decidedly advantageous both for the formation of character and manners; and such importance do I attach to it, that I should sever my connection with the college, if a contrary system were adopted.

"Do you think that there is any peculiarity in the character of the Irish student that would make this system which you have described less applicable to him than to the student of any other country?—Decidedly not. I have observed the Irish character

under that system in the Irish College in Paris and in the College of Allhallows. I have seen Irish students trained in the College of St. Sulpice, and in many other colleges of France, and I always observed that that system produced in them the most beneficial results. So far from there being any peculiarity of character that would render that system unadvisable to be adopted with Irish students, I think that whatever peculiarities of character they possess render the adoption of that system more necessary."

In these views Dean Gaffney of Maynooth, Dr. Lee (the second dean), and Dr. Russell cordially concurred. Professor Crolly's evidence implies a concurrence, as does Dr. Murray's. Even those who are opposed to the change, are opposed to it more on the ground of its difficulty than of its abstract undesirableness.

As for ourselves, if we may take the liberty of stating what we think, we cannot but believe that the future spiritual prosperity of Ireland is involved in the adoption of Dr. Moriarty's views, to an extent which it would be difficult to overrate. And in so saying, we speak on behalf of England as well as Ireland. The religious ties between the two countries are such, that whatever benefits Maynooth will act powerfully upon English Catholics in many ways; and therefore we not only take in it the interest of a Catholic for every seminary in the United Kingdom, but we feel the question to be one that affects the interests of religion at our very doors.

As we hinted in a recent article, and as we shall presently show in remarking on Dr. Weise's *German Letters on English Education*, we are no advocates for training young men in such a way as to diminish the manliness, hardiness, and capacity for Christian self-reliance, which are essential to those who are to live in the world, whether as laity or secular priests. We want to bring up men, not milk-sops. We want persons who can go alone in life, endure its buffetings, enjoy its sunshine, respect and love others, and respect and restrain themselves. We want minds not crammed with this or that book, cut-and-dried after one precise model, prepared for life under one aspect alone, and familiar with humanity as it exists on printed paper, and not living and breathing in actual men and women, but with trained *faculties*, with feelings disciplined to love a superior as well as to obey him, to respect as well as to be at ease with an equal, to combine gentleness with strength, and self-possession with activity. Accordingly, we look upon any system as mistaken which depends upon a mere multiplication of safeguards. The system of the novitiate, so admirable, so absolutely necessary for those who are to spend their lives as members of a religious order, we regard as wholly

unfitted for men who are to mix freely with their fellows. And just in proportion as a secular priest is to live in the world more than a religious and less than a layman, so it appears to us that his period of education should be the same actual *commencement* of that life which he is hereafter to lead, which we hold to be desirable for young laymen. The ecclesiastical life of a young student, we may rest assured, actually begins with his college life; and the truest wisdom, and the only *safe* method, is to make that college life as far as possible a miniature world, just such as he is to enter upon and take his share in when his state of pupillage is completed.

In thus preparing a young man, there are two ends to be attained, each of first-rate importance: the mind has to be strengthened, and it has also to be softened. A mere military system does neither; its tendency is simply to *harden*; and if this tendency is to some extent counteracted in a Catholic institution, it is through the humanising and strengthening influence of Catholicism, which will make itself felt even in the most unfavourable circumstances. There is no means for accomplishing the work except by the personal contact of mind with mind. Books are the instruments for conveying information, and the materials upon which the young mind is to occupy itself. The character, moral and intellectual, is *formed* by personal intercourse. Example and conversation do the real work. The teacher is no better than an animated book, a lecture-machine, a grinder of formulas, unless he adds to his functions the office of a father and a friend. It is what he says as a father and as a friend; it is his chance-expressions in familiar intercourse, the unfolding of his own personal character, his very gestures, voice, and habitual manner, even in the simplest trifles, which tell upon the growing mind, and mould it accordingly. And all this no more prevents personal respect, and the most rigid observance of discipline in a college, than the private conversation and gentle affection of a father towards his children tends to destroy the honour and reverence they ought to pay him. No doubt it does so, if the superiors *forget themselves*; if their own habitual life is such that the more it is known, the less it is respected. An unbridled familiarity between professors and students is an abominable evil. Any thing like taking liberties with those above them is a thing not to be endured in the young. But there is nothing easier to check, if their elders are what they ought to be. A well-disposed young man is naturally inclined to honour and obey those whom he respects; and the more he is personally attached to them, the more, in fact, he loves them, the more easy does he find it to render them honour and obe-

dience. The power of a superior should be like the power of the physical laws of nature—gentle, scarcely felt, but irresistible.

On the policy of civilising and polishing all young ecclesiastics Dr. Moriarty's remarks seem to us to be based on the soundest views of human nature. The notion that by making a priest a polished gentleman you make him less useful as a priest, is, we are convinced, an entire mistake. If you make him a fop, a proud, conceited, effeminate cultivator of his own luxury and caprice, of course you ruin him as a priest. But that is a very different thing from making him the sort of man who is only fit for being hail-fellow-well-met with those who are his inferiors in position, or ought to be his inferiors. The position of a priest is essentially that of a gentleman. His life is essentially an educated, intellectual, and refined life. The common sense of the humblest classes tells them that whatever the ancestry of a clergyman, his own position is equal to that of the most cultivated and elevated in the social scale. We all know instinctively that ignorance, roughness, and a fondness for bearish amusements, is one of the unavoidable consequences of that poverty which deprives a man of the highest kind of education, and keeps him from the society of the higher classes. But the poorest know also, that the very highest kind of education is appropriate to the priesthood; they are prepared for the best positions in life; and it is expected of them, that neither in the hovel of the peasant, nor in the halls of nobles and kings, will they find themselves otherwise than perfectly at home, descending to the level of the poor through the fervency of their love, and rising to the level of the great by the force of their own self-respect and absolute intellectual equality. There are, we know, differences of opinion on this subject; but for ourselves, we entirely agree with Dr. Moriarty, and are convinced that the purely sacerdotal influence of a priest is materially increased among all classes, *the poor as well as the rich*, by his possessing the polish, the self-possession, and the high intellectual qualifications of an accomplished gentleman.

Of course, we cannot expect all men to turn out alike in this respect, even though in substantial qualifications they may make very good priests. But there is perhaps no country in the world where it is easier to turn men of the poorer classes into polished gentlemen than Ireland. We are no flatterers of Irishmen, any more than of Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Russians; and therefore we trust our words will not be mistaken for "blarney" when we say that there is a peculiar national aptitude in the Irish for receiving those particular qualifications which fit a man for the most refined and intel-

lectual society. Their impressible character, which leaves them perilously open to evil influences, makes them quite as open to good influences. And these good influences, of every kind, it is the work of a seminary to supply. Nor is there any danger that in thus refining the intellect, the taste, and the manners, it will render them effeminate and less devoted to their Master's work. Polish of mind is totally distinct from luxuriousness of body; and the most sensitive of gentlemen is quite as likely to make a Christian martyr as the rudest and roughest of uncultured peasants.

Another subject in which a change is strenuously recommended is pointed out by Dr. Russell. His evidence includes the following remarks :

“ There is another more striking defect in the present condition of the college—the total absence or exceedingly inadequate character of what I may be permitted to call the material appliances of spiritual training. The insufficiency of chapel accommodation, whether for the comfort of the students, or for the maintenance of the order and repose indispensable to recollection; the want of sufficient space for the becoming and effective observance of church ceremonial; the absence of those helps to spirituality, which are supplied by the externals of religious art, as correct and striking models of ecclesiastical architecture, costume, and decorations, suitable religious pictures, statues, and other sacred emblems, constitute, in my opinion, a defect in the system for the training of the students of our college, and for the formation of their character and spirit, the importance of which it is impossible to overrate; and which, in these particulars, not only lowers the prevailing habit and tone of the students' minds in college, but exercises a most pernicious influence upon their tastes in after-life. I think it most essential, not only for the due religious education of the minds of the students in college, but for their direction in what will be a most important part of their duty in the ministry—the formation of the religious character of the people, and the improvement of their religious tastes—that the very building in which they are trained, should, if it were possible, supply in its chapel and halls what they could carry with them through life as the ideal of propriety in every department of sacred ceremonial and sacred art; and that it should be made to serve, almost insensibly, and by its very atmosphere, as a school of all the most essential principles of ecclesiology.”

What may have been the origin of the practices thus condemned by Dr. Russell, we need not inquire. No doubt it was based on an excellent motive; but few will now hesitate to agree with Dr. Russell in his censure. To us it appears impossible that any thinking man should disagree with him, especially in a case like that of Ireland. If we were called on

to name a country in which the devout, orderly, and hearty carrying out of the external system of Catholicism was more loudly demanded than elsewhere, we should instantly name Ireland. The character of the Irish poor is of all others that which is most certain to appreciate, to participate in, and to be benefited by those manifold outward helps to devotion which the wisdom of the Church has provided for her children. And if they are peculiarly ready to be assisted by them, it is equally certain that they are peculiarly injured by being deprived of them. Various panaceas have been tried on the suffering Irish poor. In the name of common sense, let the one great Catholic remedy be tried at last. Give them well-ordered churches and chapels, if not rich and beautiful, at least ecclesiastical and well-tended; give them numerous functions, with abundant altars, pictures, images, candles, flowers; teach them to *share themselves* in the carrying out the plans of the Church for their advantage; make, in a word, every Catholic church and chapel *a home* for the poor man, adding of course a sufficiency of spiritual instruction, especially on that sacramental element in Christianity which is the proper and only effectual safeguard against superstition; and wait—it will only require a brief time—for the result.

We venture also to add another detail, which Dr. Russell has not distinctly mentioned, but which entirely falls in with the spirit of his remarks. A Catholic seminary ought to be a school of religious music. The young priest ought to start upon his parochial duties prepared to direct and employ this powerful engine for good among his people. Of course, every priest cannot be a good musician. Nature does not bestow the requisite gifts on us all. But every man may have right ideas on the subject, and an appreciation of the effect of music on faith and devotion. That effect it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. But it is notorious, that circumstances have hitherto denied the full use of this divine gift to the Irish people. With natural capacities for musical enjoyment of the most unquestionable kind; with ancient national melodies so beautiful that they command the admiration of the most fastidious of musicians, what is the present condition of Catholic music in Ireland? In how many tens and hundreds of thousands of her sons and daughters does not the gift lie wholly uncultivated? Surely Maynooth is the place where a new system ought to have its origin. We take the liberty of earnestly recommending the subject to its authorities, knowing that the more they study the subject, the more certain they are to agree with us in thinking that heresy and sin will fly before the sounds of Catholic singing, as surely as

the infernal spirit fled from king Saul at the notes of David's harp.

Before now passing on to Dr. Weise's educational speculations, we must briefly notice an opinion expressed by the Commissioners, that it would be better were text-books employed written by the College professors. Whether these latter could produce *every thing* thus required in a high degree of excellence, is a question which could not be determined till they made the attempt; but we entirely agree in the opinion that the text-books of moral theology written in one part of Christendom are not always the best adapted to other parts, where climate, character, and daily habits may be extremely different. In so saying, we only express the conviction of the immense majority of the Irish and English clergy; if not with respect to the compilation of new text-books, at least as regards the importation of all the rules of life from one people to another without discrimination. The principles of morals are the same every where; but there are various material acts, whether of word or otherwise, which may be permissible in one country and very perilous in another.

We now turn to another side of the question. It will have been observed, that Dr. Moriarty in his evidence pointedly disclaims any wish to introduce at Maynooth any plans which may interfere with self-education and the mutual influence of young men over one another. He wishes for the system which a wise father would employ in guiding and maturing the character of his children, and not for any such perpetual surveillance as shall secure a present freedom from temptation at the expense of real strength, intellectual and moral. He particularly names the influence of the late Dr. Arnold at Rugby as an instance of what may be done with boys and young men. And there is little doubt that had Dr. Arnold been a Catholic, he would have been a perfectly first-rate guide to youth. As it was, his personal dogmatism, his mixture of narrowness with liberality, and his dislike of the opposition of minds equal to his own,—faults which the Catholic faith would have directly tended to cure,—made him a less satisfactory instructor for young men above the age of nineteen or twenty than he was of those below it. With this qualification, then, we believe that Dr. Moriarty's estimate of Dr. Arnold's character is a just one; and we also cordially assent to the view which he, by implication, adopts all through his evidence, that the right method for a college or seminary is one which lies between the mere military system of hard, rigid discipline, and an elaborate system of safeguards, based on the

theory that the great secret of education is to keep the young out of harm's way.

The average number of English Protestant "public-schools" as they are termed,—*i. e.* Eton, Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, &c. (most of them of Catholic foundation),—afford valuable subjects of study for those who wish to master this branch of the entire subject. Their influence in forming the characters of the English aristocracy and gentry is very great indeed; and the means by which that influence is produced are not to be estimated by lists of books studied, or records of examinations passed. Dr. Weise's little book, *German Letters on English Education*, affords us an opportunity of pointing out what is the true nature of that power by which these singular establishments are so powerful both for evil and for good.

This power results from the recognition of the fact, that the majority of men, and especially of Englishmen, are intended for any thing but a contemplative life. Their work is not to speculate, but to live; and this not in isolation, but in the eddies of the great world; acting on it, and re-acted on by it in turn. Hence it is important to them that the rehearsal of their parts at school and at college should really represent what they will have to perform in the world. The school should be a preparation for life, not for the library; for life, as it will be and must be, not as we may think it should be. Bazaars of learning, where the amount of things learned is the sole end, are simple preparations for particular trades,—for the library or the counting-house; novitiates, admirable as their training is for the religious life, do not train men for active life; while English public-schools, with all their scandalous vices, do at bottom follow the right method, and train men for life as it will be.

The secret of their system appears to us to consist mainly in the freedom of the intercourse of the boys with one another, and in the existence of that "public opinion" amongst them which so powerfully influences every one of their number. The world is the free intercourse of man with man, of equal with equal; the preparation for it is the free communication of boy with boy; not the dependence of the boy on his master, nor a continual inspection and surveillance of a superior. In many respects boys are fitter companions for one another than men are for them; and the spontaneous education of the boys by one another appears to us as necessary an element of school-life as the learning which the boys gather from the master's lips. It is precisely this element which the over-

watchful system of education sacrifices; not altogether, indeed,—for it would be impossible to collect together a large number of boys, and to prevent some kind of intercourse among them,—but it fails to *make use* of this most powerful element of public education. It cannot trust boys together; it puts in practice that principle of monastic life, which, however necessary for the cloister, is impossible in the world,—the discouragement of particular friendships. We do not say that this treatment is absolutely bad; but we think it must spoil the openness of character which is so desirable in a boy. We do not wonder when we see the results which such a system sometimes turns out. We can admire their innocence and ignorance of evil in its proper forms; but we can see in the system no safeguard of morals, after the ignorance is once dissipated by a real contact with the world. The world is bad enough, and dangerous enough; but that is no reason why it should be better to disqualify a boy for entering it, than to allow him to get gradually initiated into its ways. The real safeguard of a man is religion, not “muffishness;” and the safeguard of religion is certainly not that ignorance which is simply astonished at every blasphemy, or heresy, or crime.

The boy who is formed by the society of boys, when he grows up feels himself competent to enter the society of men. Not that the intercourse of men with men is similar to that of boy with boy; but that the latter is the school of the former, or the germ from which it develops: it gradually drops its impudence and rudeness, and retains as its foundation its frankness and sincerity. But those educated on the nursery system must naturally be in a very disadvantageous state with regard to the acquisition of these qualities. How can a youth be frank and sincere to those whom he feels are exercising a continual surveillance over him? Or even if he is on the most intimate filial terms with his *masters*, can this ever teach him the true way of conducting himself towards his *equals*? The fact is, persons who have been so brought up are quite out of their element in the world—(we should add, that we speak of persons of ordinary calibre, not of the rarer and more exceptional cases, where native talent makes up for the want)—they stand too much on their personal dignity, because they have never known what equality is; they are subdued in character, but yet somehow they are most pugnacious; they do not understand why they do not get on in the world, and conclude that the whole world is in a conspiracy against them. And yet, when they come to deal with the world, their deficiencies are but too apparent; shielded by their education from the grosser forms of vice, they are no less liable than

their neighbours to faults of selfishness and of detraction. And they want that keen sense of the ridiculous which is so soon generated in young fellows in their rubs with one another, in which their wits are ground to so fine an edge.

Dr. Weise appears to have been very much struck with the results of English education in this order. Though the German schools beat the English in the amount of knowledge they impart, yet the English education is more effective, because it imparts a better preparation for life. Hence he thinks that what the English schools neglect is amply compensated by what they have done and are still doing. It will be worth while to collect some of the German schoolmaster's observations on the points with which he was most struck, in order that we may learn from the testimony of a foreigner what are the most salient characteristics of the education which has formed our national character, or rather in which our national character finds its only possible expression.

"The whole system of English education seems to me to rest upon the right use and management of self-respect. Those who are grown up have a sort of respect for the personal rights even of a boy—the more I trust him, the more likely he is to endeavour to deserve my trust. As I do not remember any where in England to have seen in these schools a boy of *subdued* and pietistic (methodist) character, so have I never known of a teacher in whose exercise of authority or system of education I could detect any thing likely to stifle the free development of character in a boy. They seem all to be justly conscious, that when a master makes his scholars fear him, he always incurs the risk of being imposed upon, and has himself to blame for having led those committed to him into crooked ways.

"Every thing narrowing and confining, still more, every thing like espionage and police-mongering, is forbidden; they desire to have a free development of power. They insist upon that which is great and essential, and are extremely indulgent in all else. They have no idea of a strict perpetual inspection; there is no master present to overlook the boys at meal-times, nor sleeping in the same room with them, nor near at hand to watch them in play-hours. The young people would regard this as an intolerable encroachment on their rights."

In other words, the young fellows are left to form one another; and the result is thus stated by Dr. Weise: "Above all, there was a freedom, an openness, a sincerity of manner, a generosity and resoluteness about English boys that most agreeably surprised me." The system is calculated "to suppress at the right age all little self-seeking, to train to manly and noble resolution; in a word, to endow the youth in the

best way with that high spirit without which there can be nothing done great or national."

"Among these high-spirited, unrestrained, I may say thoughtless and impudent schoolboys, there is no chance of absurdity passing for wit, or caprice for strength of mind; the conceited or presumptuous lad is either let alone, or gets his ears boxed. Thus the character becomes prepared to bear up against the storms of after-life."

Dr. Weise goes so far as to express his surprise at the early age at which boys are left to themselves to develop their own character:

"Boys are at a very early age left entirely to themselves in matters requiring cool observation and presence of mind. I have often seen a little boy riding on the outside of an omnibus or stage-coach, in so perilous a situation, that with us the papa would certainly have preferred taking him on his own lap or between his knees. In England the notion is, that the boy must learn by his own experience to know danger and to forget it; so that sports and contests which we consider dangerous (such as, for instance, aquatic amusements in their elegant little boats), are highly approved of, not only as the means of acquiring bodily skill, but also as fostering in the boys a fearless spirit."

The remaining extracts which we shall give from this interesting little book apply rather to the method of teaching than to the fundamental principle which we have been discussing. And the method of teaching itself may be made to have the greatest influence on the future character of the boy. A slovenly and an exact master will impress their characters on their respective pupils almost indelibly. "Limitation as to quantity" (in opposition to the would-be encyclopædic instruction of our modern knowledge-bazaars), "concentration, patient labour till the matter is fully mastered, the necessity of perseverance in wearisome and difficult tasks" (in opposition to all the modern methods of cramming with cribs, and aids to memory, and the like), "all this aims at forming the character,—while a feebly-regulated manner of proceeding, an arbitrary swaying hither and thither in the sea of knowledge, tends to deprive the character of all force and individuality." On this account Dr. Weise deprecates the abuse of modern aids to learning, and the facilities promised by modern systems:

"Rich stores of the most important results in almost every branch of science may be said to be at every body's command: and herein lies the danger,—that young men should be contented to accept results, without being capable of following out the process which led to their discovery, and so becoming really and truly possessed of them."

"The reason why we often lose, in the present day, the advantages of our better methods, is, that in proportion as they are better, so much the less scope do they afford for diligence, or rather, I should say, for persevering self-helping effort."

For, after all, it cannot be too often repeated, the quantity of things known is not the end of school-discipline :

"The acquisition of knowledge is but the second object of education, and one for which the opportunity is continually offering through life ; but to enable a young man to seize upon this opportunity, and to avail himself of it, the first object of education, viz. the formation of character, must be obtained early ; for deficiency in this respect is not so easily supplied in after-life.

"*Non scholæ, sed vitæ.* All that a school can teach, beyond imparting a certain small stock of knowledge, is *the way to learn*. A liberal education can have no other end in view than to impart and exercise *power* to be used in after-life."

And it is not alone the scientific part of the mind that must be developed by school-discipline ; it is not only a power of learning that we should acquire at the university, it is also the due subordination of the intellect to the judgment. The most knowing boy should have the conceit taken out of him by the consciousness of ignorance ; his accurate knowledge should be combined with the consciousness of what is not known. It argues a bad system when we find clever and well-informed boys too ready to answer, and with too great facility of speech expatiating away into space. "One object of questions," says Dr. Weise, "should be to teach silence. . . . The young man should learn by his own reticence ; not let himself be blinded by high-sounding words or fine phrases, but maintain his judgment calm and undisturbed."

And though the formation of this moral character is the chief object of scholastic discipline, yet Dr. Weise protests against making it the test of academic distinctions. And he is quite right. Giving prizes for virtuous or for gentlemanly conduct is offensive ; it is inconsistent not only with the English character, as he says, but with the reason of the thing, thus to distinguish the mere performance of one's duty, and to make goodness only the first in the category of prizeable articles,—good conduct, Latin, spelling, and ciphering. "We do not mind," he says, "a boy's having a prize given him, if it were only for pen-mending ; but that a young girl should wear publicly a silver cross as a mark of general good behaviour seems incredible to us ; and yet it is done." And done in many cases with good effect ; and yet there is a ludicrous inequality between the action and the reward, and a

degradation of the action, by classing it among things to be rewarded in that manner.

Such, in Dr. Weise's estimation, are the good points in those schools which form the vast majority of the English nobility and gentry. Their evil points, unhappily, are abundant and frightful; but in all fairness it must be admitted, that when they get into the hands of such men as Dr. Arnold, the ease and rapidity with which a higher tone of morals is introduced by the superiors, and then exacted by the boys themselves, is most remarkable.

Here, however, the length to which we have run obliges us to take leave of the subject, hoping to be able to return to it on another occasion.

HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

1. *Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.
2. *The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.
3. *The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.
4. *History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Third Article.)

KNOX did not make his appearance for upwards of a year and a half after his sending those ridiculous letters which he addressed to the lords who had invited him to return. Meanwhile the vineyard of the "Congregation of the Lord" was not left untilled. More courageous labourers worked in his absence. "Quhile the realme," writes Leslie, "was in this maner trubled with the warris, thay quha had invented of befoir, at Maxwell-heuch, to stir up sum commotione and seditione agains the Quene Regent and the Frenche men, begane to put thair practise to executione, and caused certane preachers cum within the realme,—principallie Paul Meffen, John Willox, Johne Douglas, and certaine utheris,—quha in divers partis of the realme preached privatlie, and maid sic tumult and uproir amangis the peple, that they culd not be conteaned within the boundis of lauchfull obedience."

At the meeting of the estates, 14th December 1558, in which the commissioners rendered an account of their proceedings in the marriage of their queen, the "Congregation

of the Lord" presented to the Regent the following document:

"The forme of the Letter gevin to the Parliament.

"Unto your grace, and unto yow richt honourabill lordis of this present Parliament, humblie meinis and schawis your graces faythfull and obedient subjectis: That quhare we are daylie molested, sclandered, and injured be wicked and ignorant persones, placehalders of the ministeris of the Church, who most untrewlie ceis not to infame us as heretykis; and under that name they have most cruellie persecuted divers of our brethrein, and farder intend to execute thair malice against us, unless be sum godlie ordour thair furie and raige be brydellit and stayit; and yit in us they ar abill to prove no cryme worthye of punischment, unless that to reid the holie Scriptures in our assemblies, to invoke the name of God in public prayeris, with all sobrietie to interpret and oppin the places of Scripture that be red, to the farder edificatioun of the brethrein assembled, and trulie according to Christ Jesus his holie institution to minister the sacraments, be crymes worthie of punischment. Uther crymes, we say, in us they ar not abill to convict. And to the premisses are we compelled, for that the saidis plaicehalders dischaige no part of thair dewties rychtly to us, nether yit to the pepill subject to us; and tharefoir, unles we sould declair ourselfis altogether unmyndfull of our awin salvatioun, we ar compelled, of verry conscience, to seik how that we and our brethrein may be delivered from the thraldome of Sathan: for now it hath pleased God to oppen our eyes, that manifestlie we sie that, without extreame danger of our saullis, we may in no wayis comunicate with the damnabill idolatrie and intollerable abuses of the papisticall Church. And tharefoir most humblie requyr we of your grace, and of your richt honourabill lordis, baronis, and burgesses assembled in this present Parliament, prudentlie to wey, and, as it becumes just judges, to grant theas our most just and ressonabil petitionis.

"First: Seeing that the controversie in religioun, which long had continewed betwix the Protestantis of Almanie, Helvetia, and uther provinces and the papisticall Church, is not yit desyded by a lawfull and general counsall; and seing that our consciences ar lykewyes twicheit with the fear of God, as was thairs in the beginning of thair controversie, we most humbly desire, that all suche actes of Parliament as in the tyme of darknes gave power to the churchmen to execute thair tyranny against us, be ressoun that we to thame war delated as heretykis, may be suspended and abrogated, till a generall counsaill lawfullie assembled have desyded all controversies in religioun.

"And least that this mutatioun sould seem to set all men at libertie to live as they list, we, secundarlie, requyre, that it be enacted by this present Parliament, That the prelattis and thair officiaris be removed from place of judgement, onlie granting unto thame, notwithstanding, the place of accusators in the presens of a temporall juge, be-

foir quhome the churchemen accusatours sall be boundin to call ony by thame accused of heresie, to quhome also they sall be bounden to deliver an attentick copie of all depositions, accusations, and proces led against the person accused; the juge likewyse delivering the same to the partie accused, assigning unto him a competent tearme to answer the sam, efter he had takin sufficient caution, *judicio sisti*.

"Thirdly: We requyre that all lawfull defences be granted to the persouns accused; as if he be abill to prove that the witnesses be persones unabill by law to testifie against thame, that then thair accusations and dispositions be null according to justice.

"Item, That place be granted to the parte accused to explain and interpret his awin mynd and meening; whiche confessioun we requyre to be inserted in publict actes, and be preferred to the depositions of anie witnesses, seing that nane aucht to suffer for religion that is not found obstinate in his damnable opinioun.

"Last: We requyre that our brethrein be not damned for heresykes, unles by the manifest Word of God they be convicted to have erred from that saythe which the Holie Spreit witnesseth to be necessary to salvatioun; and gif so they be, we refuse not that they be punished according to justice, unless by hailsome admonitioun they can be reduced to a better mynd.

"These thingis requyr we to be considered of yow, quho occupy the place of the eternall God, quho is God of ordour and treuthe, even in such sorte as ye will answer in the presens of His throne judiciall; requyring, farder, that favorably ye will have respect to the tendernes of our consciences, and to the truble whiche appeirethe to follow in this comounwelth if the tyrranie of the prelatis and of thair adherentes be not brydelled by God and just lawis. God move your hairtes deiply to consider your awin dewteis and our present trubillis."—*Knox*, p. 122.

We gather from this document that it was not universal toleration these men aimed at, nor liberty of conscience. Far from it. They desired that there should still be the crime of "heresy," and that it should be subject to trial and punishment. They sought no more than that the process should be transferred from one set of hands to another. This would have been,—as indeed they made it, so soon as it was in their power,—persecution with a vengeance. Heresy was no longer to be a spiritual offence, but a civil one, and amenable to the same tribunals as cases of burglary, assault, or petty larceny. The Regent mildly dissuaded the petitioners from carrying it further. Its contents, however, soon got noised abroad. "Our petetiounes," writes Knox, "wer manifestlie knawin to the hail assemble, and also how for the queinis plesour we ceased to pursue to the uttermost."

The Lords of the Congregation, however, appear to have

subsequently repented of their facility in obeying the Regent's suggestions; and before the Parliament separated, they submitted to it a document of a more ominous nature.

"Forme of the Protestatioun maid in Parliament.

"It is not unknowin to this honourabill Parliament what controversie is now laitlie ryssen betwix these that will be called the prelatis and reullaris of the Church, and a grit number of us the nobilitie and comunaltie of this realme, for the trew worschipping of God, for the dewtie of ministers, for the rycht aministration of Christ Jesus holie sacrament; how that we have complained, by our public supplicatiouns to the Quein Regent, that our consciences are burdened with unprofitable ceremonies, and ar compelled to adhere to idolatrie; that suche as tak upoun thame the office ecclesiasticall discharge no parte thareof as becumeth trew ministers to do; and, finally, that we and our brethrene ar most unjustlie oppressed by thair usurped authoritie; and also we suppose it is a thing sufficiently knawin, that we war of mynd at this present Parliament to seik redress of sick enormities. But considering that the trubles of the tyme do not suffer suche reformatioun as we by Godis plane Word do requyre, we are enforced to delay that which most earnestly we desyre; and yit, least that our sylence sould give occasioun to our adversaries to think that we repent our former interpryis, we cannot ceas to protest for remedie against that most injust tyranie whiche we heirtofoir most patientlie have sustained.

"And, first, we protest, that seing we cannot obtain ane just reformatioun according to Godis Worde, that it be lawful to us to use our selfis in matteris of religioun and conscience, as we muist answer unto God, unto suche tyme as our adversares be able to prove thameselfis the trew ministeris of Christis Church, and to purge thameselfis of suche crymes as we have alreddie laid to thair chairge, offering our selfis to prove the sam whensoever the sacrat authoritie pleis to give us audience.

"Secundly: We protest that nether we, nor yet ony uther that godlie list to joyne with us in the trew fayth, whiche is grounded upoun the invincibill Worde of God, sall incur ony danger in lyfe or landis, or uther politicall painis, for not observing suche actis as heirtofoir hav passed in favours of our adversares, nether yit for violatting of suche ryttes as man without Godis commandment or Word hes commandit.

"We, thridly, protest that, gif ony tumult or uproare sall aryse among the members of this realme for the diversitie of religioun, and if it sall chance that abusses be violentlie reformed, that the cryme thairof be not imput to us, who most humbly do now seik all thingis to be reformed by ane ordour; bot rather, quhatsoever inconvenience sall happen to follow for lack of ordour taiking, that may be imputed to thois that do refuis the samyn.

"And, last, we protest that these our requeistis, proceeding from conscience, do tend to no uther end bot to the reformatioun of

abuisses in religioun onlie; most humble beseikand the sacrat authoritie to tak us faythfull and obedient subjects in protection agains our adversareis, and to schaw unto us suche indifferene in our most just petitiones as it becumethe Godis lewetennentis to do to thois that in His name do call for defence agains cruell oppressours and bludthirstie tyrantis."—*Knox*, lib. ii. p. 124.

Is it not in our time nearly incredible, that a number of persons in an elevated position of life, in the full possession of their senses, should have attempted formally to put upon their trial as impostors men who had been the ministers of the religion of the country for 1000 years; and should expect such a proposition to be seriously entertained? But we pass over minor fatuities, to come to the transparent and bold hypocrisy of the two last paragraphs of the protest. The last but one is a direct attempt to intimidate the Parliament by a threat, and it was no empty one, of insurrection. In the last they most "humbly beseech the sacred authority to take them—*faithful and obedient* subjects, in protection against their adversaries." Men who had been spending the preceding months in sending emissaries through the country to collect subscriptions, and enrol names for the "violent reformation" they hinted at as possible; who had just bound themselves in a furious covenant of conspiracy against the established order of things in their country; who had been for months proselytising to their cause by the instrumentality of low men whom they sent through the country as preachers, and most of whom were already amenable to the laws of their country as seditious; and who by these and other active measures had organised a rebellion throughout the country, which was only at this moment prevented from flaming forth by the gentle adroitness of the Regent. It is no wonder that the Parliament refused to allow such a document to be entered on its records.

The Regent, however, still essayed to assuage in the minds of the protesters the mortification occasioned by this refusal. Knox's account is, "Notthless the Quein Regent said, me will remember what is protestit, and me sall put gude ordour after this to all thingis that now be in contraversion."

And she redeemed her promise faithfully and to the letter; and, moreover, in a manner the most considerate towards the "congregation."

First, she denuded the documents of all the ribald trash with which they abounded; next she extracted the seditious threats contained in them; and lastly, obliterating such of the propositions as were extravagant and nonsensical, she contrived

to make out of the propositions and the protest a tolerably respectable document.

It is as follows in its renovated form ; and we shall scarcely recognise in it the fierce and rambling original :

“ First, That the commone prayers shuld be permitted to be used publiclie in the parryshe kirkis, and the ministratiōe of the sacramentis in the Inglis tounge.

“ Secoundlie, That all bishopprikes and uther benefices should be disponit to qualifeat men, to be chosin thairto be the electione of the temporall lordis, and people of thair dyoseis and parochynns.

“ Thirdlie, That all bishoppis and utheris benefest men suld make residence at thair kirkis, and preche be thame selves, conforme to thair calling ; or utheris to be placed, and quho culd best do the samyn.

“ Fourtlie, That none shuld be admittit in tymes cuming to any benefice, bot these qua war of sic lernit and utheris qualiteis, as thay culd be thame selves but helpe of utheris execut thair charge in precheing and ministratiōe of the sacramentis, with sindrie utheris articles to this effect.”—*Leslie*, p. 270, A.D. 1558.

What, then, is the Regent's next step ? She does not certainly convene the barons nor the lairds to decide on such questions as these. Neither does she summon the sheriffs and the provosts and the judges ; for the questions in discussion were quite out of their province. Nor yet does she solicit the counsel of the tailors and peddlers and other handicraftsmen of Edinburgh upon these points. But she summons a convention of the most august ecclesiastical authorities in her kingdom to assemble at Edinburgh the 10th March. And she sent to them the above articles by the hands of the Earl of Huntly, her chancellor. With great dignity she immediately departed herself to Stirling, leaving Lord Seton the provost to wait upon the prelates, doubtless that it might not be possible to be said afterwards that she had influenced their deliberations. In that assembly were included the wisest, most learned, and holiest men Scotland could produce. And their deliberations corresponded with the dignity of their characters. Patient without prolixity, moderate without vacillation, conciliatory without timidity, their firmness, united with a zealous readiness to correspond with whatever seemed estimable in the objects of the applicants, showed them to be masters of their position. We meet with no offensive invective, no ribald denunciation here ; but after mature deliberation, they return a reply at once decisive, wise, and temperate.

Had the question been a merely political one, the mea-

asures pursued by the council of prelates would have been eminently wise. But if such a course is the only one a prudent statesman would adopt in political matters, it is the only one holy religion admits of. In it, innovation in dogmatic questions is infidelity; whilst disciplinary questions are often so involved with the former, that violent changes of church-government are never unaccompanied with heresy. It is from this arises that stately stability which distinguishes the Church of Christ. Abuses within her pale arise mostly from non-observance of the Church's law; whilst the most stringent of reformation would be a recurrence to her existing canons.

It was conspicuously so in the case before us. The fathers of the Scottish Church discovered nothing in the characters and proceedings of the ecclesiastical disturbers of their time to invite a departure on their behalf from the universal usage of the Church with respect to the language in which the sacred mysteries were celebrated. Perhaps they saw now more cogent reasons for its strict observance than they had ever done before. And instead of assenting to the least unveiling of that holy office, they would rather have more completely concealed it from the coarse irreverence of those puritan blasphemers. In this matter, therefore, they refused any alteration; permitting, of course, the faithful to say their private devotions in any language they thought fit.

“As to the first, they had no power to alter the ordour of publique prayers and administratiōne of the sacramentis, preseryved and observed so mony yeris be the Catholique Kirke; and thairfor wald not agre that any prayers war used publickly in the volgar tounge, leaving to everye manis discretione to use his private prayers in quhat tounge pleased him best.”

Their reply to the second article was distinguished by equal gravity and wisdom. The Church has a prescribed mode of her own of election of her bishops and other officers. But in her rapid spread over the world, the various and complicated relations into which she entered with different states in different localities demanded adaptions to these relationships in matters indifferent. Hence the manner of election of bishops was varied in separate countries. The fundamental point was retained in all,—the Church's veto on any election whatsoever. Accordingly, the answer returned by the prelates was, that the nomination of the prelates was by a custom of the realm of Scotland in the hands of the prince, and to her they referred the applicants for an answer.

“And as to the electione of bishoppis and utheris benifest men, they wald wishe that the same ordour quhilk is prescrivit be the

cannowne law in the electione of bishoppis and utheris ministers of the kirke war observed. Bot becaus the nominatione of the prelatis of the realme pertens principallie to the prince, thairfoir thay remit the ansuer thairof to be gevin be the prince her self with her counsail."

But as to the last two articles, the vigour of their reformatory proceedings surpassed the expectations as much as it did the wishes of these people.

"As to the uther twa articles tueching the residence of benefest men in executione of their office in precheing and ministratioun of the sacramentis, and that none suld be promoved to benefices bot thay that are weill qualifeit thairfoir, thay affirmed that thair was no bettir ordour culd be devised nor was prescrivit alreddy be the cannone law and statutes of thair provinciall counsall to that effect; and thairfoir thay promesed to caus the same be put to dew executione in all pointis."

Nor were these mere words, theoretical professions to appease a restless faction. But they immediately set about in right good earnest to carry out these truly reforming resolutions.

"And then presentlie," continues the historian we have been quoting from, "thay maid mony sharp statutes, and commandet all the bishoppis, abbottis, prioris, deanes, archedeanes, and all the rest thair presentlie assembled, and utheris throcke all the partis of the realme, to mak thame selffis able, and use thair awin offices according to thair fondationis and callingis, within the space of sax monethes, onder pane of deprivation."—(*Leslie*, p. 271. 1558.)

The newly-conceived zeal for reformation of the Anglican nobility now recoiled upon themselves after an unexpected fashion. Nothing could have been farther from their intention than a real, genuine, earnest reformation of this sort. They had been soliciting for all the ecclesiastical patronage in the country. In the second article they applied for the power of nominating the bishops to be transferred to themselves; this had been justly refused them. And now the rich preferments which, by unlawful means, and to the great corruption of the Scottish Church, they had, in many cases, violently procured for their relatives and dependents, were on the point, at their own solicitation, of being taken from them. There followed a complete routing out of these simoniacal intruders. The nests were left; but the cuckoos that had usurped them were chased out. Those aristocratical ecclesiastics utterly disagreed with the constitution of the Church; and now, at the first application of the stimulant inadvertently administered by their selfish patrons, she voided them forth from her in a moment.

This step sealed the fate of the Scottish province of the Church.

"Quhilk was the princepaul caus," writes the same author, "that a gret number of younge abbottis, priors, deanis, and benefest men assisted to the interprice and practise devysed for the ourthrow of the Catholicke religeon, and tumult aganis the quene and Frenche men, fearing them selffis to be put out according to the lawis and statutes."

The wisdom and gravity of this document, as well as its genuine earnestness, decided instantly the Regent's course of action. It completely exposed the insincerity of the "Congregation of the Lord." Her decision was speedily made; she determined to silence it at once. Keith, the Protestant historian, tells us that,

"The Queen perceiving what was the mind of the synod, did put on a resolution to assist the churchmen in every thing; upon account of which, and of some words that had dropt from her majesty, as if she intended by some eminent example to restore the royal authority; those of the congregation apprehending a storm to fall on them at that time, gave commission to Alexander Earl of Glencairn, and Sir Hugh Campbell of Loudon, sheriff of Air, to repair to the queen, and to beg her not to molest their ministers, unless they could be charged with preaching false doctrines, or behaving themselves disorderly." (Book i. chap. viii. p. 82.)

And Spottiswoode, also a Protestant historian, tells us further what these "words that had dropt from her were."

"*She was often heard to say,*" he writes, "*that being now freed of the vexations which most troubled her mind, she would labour to restore the authority by some notable example to that reverend esteem which in the late times it had lost.*" (Lib. iii. p. 120. 1558.)

Her reply to the Earl of Glencairn and Sir Hugh Campbell, who had been sent to her by the faction to interfere in behalf of the preachers, indicates the same object: "*That mangle their hearts, and all that wod take part with them, these ministers shod be banished Scotland, though they preached as soundly as ever S. Paul did:*" *i. e.* It is not a question of doctrine I am now meddling with; it is altogether a civil offence. I purpose to endeavour to maintain the dignity of my daughter's crown against all who may assail it. These men are sedition-mongers, and common disturbers of the realm; and, being such, it would be no apology to me that their preaching were altogether as orthodox as it is heretical. They are rebels and conspirators; and shall be banished their country, though they preached as soundly as ever St. Paul did.

According to another Protestant historian, her words were:

"These men, sith they have preached not verie sincerelie, shall be banished, though you and your ministers resist against it." (Holinshed, p. 289.)

Accordingly, summonses were issued against John Knox, John Willox, John Douglas, and Paul Meffane, to appear before the Supreme Court of Justice (not the Parliament, as Spottiswoode and Keith have it) at Stirling, on the 10th May 1559.

The preachers, however, were wise enough not to appear at Stirling without their body-guard. Neither their zeal nor their courage was fervent enough to endure a fair trial by the laws of their country. With an army at their heels, they always showed an edifying alacrity to appear. Without it, they were never forthcoming.

Followed by an army of dependents of a few petty lairds of the western shires, headed by the Laird of Dun, they came as far as Perth on their road to Stirling. Their proceedings had now reached so treasonable a length, that the personages of rank who were known favourers of their speculative tenets, in so far as they tended to enriching themselves with the Church's spoils, such as the Lord James, the Earl of Argyle, even the Earl of Glencairn, and others, held aloof from them for the present, watching the course of events, and appeared ready to act in defence of the crown. Erskine of Dun also now thought it time to attempt to mediate.

Such was the posture of affairs when Knox re-appeared to take his part on the scene. He arrived at Edinburgh on the 4th May 1559, six days before that on which the preachers were summoned to appear at Stirling. In the company that marched thence to Perth he proceeded to that city, or, as it was then called, St. Johnstoun.

Shortly after their arrival, the Laird of Dun proceeded on his mission in the preachers' behalf to Stirling. Here he lingered up to the very day of, or the day before, the expiration of the summons; evidently hoping to the last that he would be able to prevail on the Regent to yield her determination. Some expressions, however, which fell from her, and the arrest of the Master of Maxwell, threw him into apprehensions for his personal safety. Accordingly, on the 9th or 10th May, he disappeared from court, and returned to Perth. But he was in a very different position now to that in which he was when he last left it. He was no longer the respectable laird, bitten indeed with heresy, but reluctant to become a disturber of the peace. He was now Erskine the rebel. He was no longer permitted to serve two masters. His trimming policy was cut short by the Regent's vigour.

His policy changed with his altered circumstances. He now laboured to inflame the minds of the army of barons congregated at Perth, by his account of matters at court. Knox's coarse and furious vehemence was called into requisition. On the day after Erskine's return, he delivered a speech against idolatry from the pulpit of St. John's, in which he laboured to inflame the passions of his audience against their clergy, and to stimulate their cupidity by a prospect of the rich spoil within their reach. Such was his violence of gesture, that, in the words of one who was present, "*he was like to ding the pulpit in blads, and flee forth.*" It does not, however, appear to have produced much effect. The audience dispersed *peaceably*, except a "*few of the godly*," who, Knox tells us, remained in the church. Nor did the projected work of demolition begin before the officiating priest had commenced the service of the Church. The display of a costly tabernacle (so called), opened at that particular Mass, proved a more effective eloquence than Knox's. One of the "godly" who stood by gave the signal of hurling a stone at the relics.

Then began the work of reckless, wholesale, sacrilegious spoliation and destruction. And on the evening of that sad day, May 11, 1559, nine days only after Knox's return, Perth, that fair city, which in the morning was adorned with buildings in size and beauty surpassed by none in Scotland, and such as no subsequent age has been able to emulate, saw every one of them levelled with the ground, and nothing left to supply their void but the dingy shops and houses of the citizens. The following sequence of falsehood, in which Knox pretends to describe this event, affords a striking illustration of the character of the Scottish reformer:

"The Laird of Dun cuming to St. Johnestoun exponed the cais even as it was, and did conceill nothing of the Queenis craft and falshoode. Whiche understode, the multitude was so inflamed, that nether culd the exhortatioun of the preicheours, nor the comandment of the magistrate, stay thame from destroying the plaices of idolatrie. The maner quhairof was this. The preicheours had declaired afoir, how odious was idolatrie in Godis presence; quhat comandment He had given for the destruction of the monuments thair of, quhat idolatry, and quhat abomination was in the Mess. It chanceit, that the nixt day, which was the 11th of Maii, efter that the preicheours wer exylled, that efter the sermone, whiche was vehement against idolatrie, that a preist in contempt wald go to the Mess; and to declair his malapairte presumption, he wald oppin up ane glorious tabernacle, whiche stud upoun the hie alter; thair stud besyid certain godlie men, and amongis utheris a young boy, who cryed with a loud voice, This is intollerable, that quhen God by his Worde hath planelie damned

idolatrie, we sall stand and sie it used in despyte. The preist heirat offendit, gave the child a grit blowe; who in anger tuk up a stone, and casting at the preist, did hit the tabernacle, and brake down ane image; and immediatly the haill multitude that war about cast stanes, and put hands to the said tabernacle, and to all uther monuments of idolatrie, whiche they dispatched, befor the tenth man in the town ever adverteis it, for the maist parte war gane to denner. Whiche noyssed abroad, the haill multitude conveynit, not of the gentilmen, nouthor of thame that war earnest professours, bot of the rascall multitude, who finding nothing to do in that church, did rin without deliberation to the Gray and Black Freiris; and notwithstanding that they had within thame verray stark gairdis kept for thair defence, yet war thair gaittis incontinent brust up. The *first* invasioun was upoun the idolatrie; and thare efter the comoun pepill began to seik sum spoyll. The spoylle was permitted to the pure, for so had the preicheours befor threatned all men that for covetousnes saik none sould put thair hand to suche a reformatioun, that no honest man was enriched thairby the valew of a grotte. Thair conscience so moved thame, that they sufferit these hypocreitis to tak away quhat thay could, of that whiche was in thair plaices. The pryour of Charterhous wes permitted to tak with him evin so muche gold and silver as he was weill able to carie. So war menis consciences befor beatten with the Worde, that they had no respect to thair awin particular profite, but onelie to abolische idolatrie, the places and monuments thaireof, in whiche they war so bussie and so laborious that within two dayis these thrie grit place, monuments of idolatrie, to witt, the Blak and Grey Freiris, and the Charterhous monikis, a building of a wondrous cost and greitnes, was so destroyed, that the wallis onli did remane of all these grit edificatiounes."

There are nearly as many falsehoods as there are paragraphs in this narration.

1. If this zealous boy were urged by a sudden impulse, how did he have a stone in his hand standing close to the high altar?

2. If the multitude were so inflamed by Erskine's account, that "neither culd the exhortation of the preicheours, nor the commandment of the magistrate, stay thame from destroying the places of idolatrie;" how could it also be true that the work of demolition took place "after" the preicheours had declared how "odious was idolatrie in Godes presence; quhat commandment He had given for the destruction of the monuments thaireof; quhat idolatry, and quhat abomination was in the Mess?" "And immediately eftir the sermone, which was vehement against idolatrie." How could the preicheours exhort them not to destroy the plaices of idolatrie, and exhort them to destroy them at the same time?

3. After telling us that the exhortation of the prei-

cheours could not stay the multitude from destroying the plaices of idolatrie, he informs us further on, that the preicheours had "*befoir threatened all men, that for covetousness sake none sould put thair hande to suche a reformation.*"

4. In one place he asserts that "*the haill multitude conceinit, not of the gentilmen, nouthir of thame that war earnest professours, but of the rascall multitude;*" in another that, "*so war menes consciences befoir beatten with the Worde, that thay had no respect to their awin particular profite, but onelie to abolische idolatrie, the places and monuments thereof.*" Pretty earnest professors those, one would think!

5. He informs us in one place that "*the first invasion was upoun the idolatrie; and thareeftir the comoun pepill began to seik sum spoil.*" Yet within the space of a few lines he deliberately asserts, that "*so war menis consciences befoir beatten with the Worde, that thay had no respect to thair awin particular profite, bot onelie to abolische idolatrie.*"

6. Having declared that no gentleman nor any earnest professor had any hand in these demolitions, but only the rascally multitude, who, after a little breakage, turned to spoil, he quietly informs us that "*the spoile was permytted to the pure.*" And, at the same time, with a truly Puritan compliment to poverty, he declares that "*NO HONEST MAN was enriched thairby the valew of a grotte.*"

For a true account of this transaction, we must have recourse to more creditable historians. Leslie's is as follows:

"And thairfoir incontinent eftir the returning of the Lairde Dun with the Queen's ansuer to Perth, Johne Knox past to the parishe kirke of the toun and maid a publick sermound; declaring that it was most acceptable service to God to destroy and cast doune the altaris, burne the images, pull downe the religious places and destroy thame, cast out the monkis and freris, and to make siclik reformatione. And swa the multitude of the people and craftismen, being moved speciallie be the perswatione of the sermonde, and encouraged with the presence of the barronis, and one sight of the Lord Ruthven, thair provoste of the toun, and bailycis thairof, than presentlie thay pulled downe the hoile altaris, images and tabernacles of the paroche kirke, and brint the samyn; and fre that passed strait way to the abbay of the Charter hous, and pullit all the hoill place downe, alsweill the kirk thairof as uther housses, places, and all the coastlie bigginis quhilkis was maid be King James the First, fundatour thairof, quhilk was the farest abbay and best biggit of any within the realme of Scotlande; and cuttit downe the hoill growing trees and all uther polices; and without any forder stay past to the Gray and Black freris, and to the Carmaleittis place callit the Tullielum, and thair pulled thame all three downe to the erd, with sic rage and furie of the people, that scarslie was thair

lefte ane stone standing apone another ; and all the freris put furth of thame, and spulyeit of all that they had ; and fre that past to all parishe kirks and uther places thairabout, and maid the lyk reformatione. And thair first thay tuike to thame the name of the Congregatione, and set furth proclamationis, declaring the caus moving thame to proceide of zeill and conscience to remove idolatrie and superstitione, and to place sinceir and trew religione within the realme ; and wreit sindrie lettres throuch all the partis of the realme, to persuade the lordis and barronis to assist to thame in thair interprice, as sindrie did, quhilk maid shortlie a gret tumult in divers partis of the realme."

The "Congregation of the Lord" was now fairly in arms against the government. The Regent prepared to act with vigour. She summoned her officers and nobility, including the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle. Of these latter she demanded whether there was the smallest resemblance to a religious reformation in the proceedings at Perth, and whether or not the majesty of the law was violated, and an open rebellion commenced against their sovereign ? But one answer could be found. They repudiated any connivance, and joined her with all their forces.

For some reason or other, she was not able to proceed to Perth so quickly as she saw to be desirable. It was the 18th day of the month before the forces were in readiness to advance. The "Congregation of the Lord" had employed themselves in the interval in the carnal employment of strengthening the fortifications of the town. Hearing of the Regent's advance, their first step was to despatch Knox, who had doubtless had enough of being caught in a fortified town in the company of rebels, and was eager for such a mission, to beat up recruits in the infected localities.

But so long as the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle remained on the side of the crown, they thought it safer to adopt an expedient of another description. Knox's pen, whose epistolary persuasiveness had already (strange to say !) proved so successful, was put busily in requisition. Addresses were concocted and issued, of one kind, to the Regent ; of another, to the nobility ; of other kinds, to the chief French officers ; and of another (and this was the strangest of all), to the believers in the ancient faith. There is no possible mistaking the authorship of these productions. One specimen will suffice :

"To the Generation of Antichrist, the pestilent Prelates and their Shavelinges within Scotlande, the Congregation of Christ Jesus within the same sayeth :

"To the end that ye shall not be abused, thinking to escape

just punishment, after ye, in your blind furie, have caused the bloud of manie to be shedde, this we notifie and declare unto you, that if ye proceede in this your malitiose crueltie, ye shall be entreated, wheresoever ye shall be apprehended, as murtherers and open enemies to God and unto mankind: and therefore be-times ceasse from this blind rage. Remove first from your selves your hands of bloudie men of warre, and reforme your selves to a more quiet life; and thereafter mitigate ye the authoritie, which, without crime committed upon our part, ye have enflamed against us; or else be ye assured, that with the same measure that ye have measured against us, and yet intend to measure to others, it shall be measured unto you; that is, as ye by tyrannie intend not onely to destroy our bodies, but also, by the same to hold our soules in bondage of the devill, subject to idolatrie; so shall we, with all force and power which God shall graunt unto us, execute just vengeance and punishment upon you: yea, we shall begin that same warre which God commaundeth Israell to execute against the Cananites; that is, contract of peace shall never be made, til that ye desist from your open idolatrie, and cruell persecution of God's children; and this we signifie unto you, in the name of the eternall God, and of His Soune Christ Jesus, whose veritie we professe, and gospell we have preached, and holy sacraments rightly ministred, so long as God will assist us to gainstand your idolatrie. Take this for advertisement, and be not deceived."

The remark of the Protestant historian (Keith), from whom we quote this document, is as follows:

"As the reader will observe the pestilent spirit, and unmannerly stile of this last paper, far indeed from the meekness that would have become the reformers of abuses in Christianity, so by the tenor thereof, and of their other letters to the Queen Regent, &c. 'tis pretty evident, they had a moral certainty of victory arising from the numbers that joined them; otherwise 'tis much to be doubted if they would have writ in such a strain."

After these characteristic productions had been prepared, Knox and Willock took their departure, carrying with them copies for circulation; and not, doubtless, intending to return unless with a sufficient reinforcement to make Perth a more secure lurking-place than he had before found St. Andrew's. Meanwhile the Regent encamped at Auchterarder; and thence despatched the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle and Lord Sempil to the rebel forces, to inquire if it was their intention to attempt to hold the town against her, the Regent, and the legal authority? It is a remarkable evidence of the Regent's moderation, even in such circumstances, that she despatched on such an errand men who were notorious favourers of the alleged motive of the insurgents; no less than it does her confidence in the justness of her cause, and the iniquity of that of

her enemies. Of the latter she evidently designed to make them eye-witnesses. The answer was of the usual description; and Lion-herald was in consequence despatched to Perth, who proclaimed, on Sunday the 28th, that all persons not inhabitants were commanded to leave the town under pain of treason.

By this time, however, the two missionary rebels, whose success had exceeded their expectations, had returned with such an accession of strength as quite changed the aspect of affairs. Knox and Willock arrived from Fife and Mearns, with the Earl of Glencairn, and 1200 cavalry and 1300 foot-soldiers, besides the Lords Ochiltree and Boyd, the Lairds of Loudon, Craigie, Wallace, Cessnock, and other gentlemen of the West (Keith), and their followers. The Regent, receiving intelligence of this ominous defection, endeavoured to intercept their march; but they contrived to escape the forces sent against them, and threw themselves into Perth.

They arrived about the time that the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle were there, in pursuance of pending negotiations. The open adherence, however, of the Earl of Glencairn and western barons to the cause of the insurgents effected a great change in the sentiments and behaviour of those two noble personages. Articles of agreement had already been accepted by the Regent through them; so that they could find no tolerable pretext at present for abandoning her. But in an interview which Knox sought and obtained with them at their lodging, in the course of which he seems to have upbraided them in his usual unmannerly, but, at the same time, guarded and crafty style, for their desertion of the brethren, they apologised for their having stood aloof, declared that their hearts were still with them, and promised openly to join them, if the Regent did not fulfil to the letter the articles of agreement which had just been ratified on both sides.

It was clearly Knox's interest to keep matters embroiled. He was a rebel, twice convicted since his pardon; and a real adjustment of differences would have been fatal to him.

The articles of agreement were:

1. That both armies should be disbanded.
2. That none of the inhabitants should be molested on account of the late proceedings.
3. That no French garrison should be left in the town.
4. That further differences should be adjusted in the next parliament.

There is but one hypothesis upon which we can conceive the Regent to have assented to such conditions; and it is, that

she had discovered that the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle were now casting about for some decent pretence for deserting to the Congregation, and was resolved to deprive them of one. Accordingly, no sooner were the stipulations subscribed, than "the Congregation of the Lord," including the Lord James and Argyle, began to break them. First, Knox bustled about the town, preaching that the regent had consented to the conditions without any intention of observing them. Secondly, a second covenant was drawn up, and subscribed by all the "godly barons" and their followers, whose purport was as follows :

"The Bond.

"At Perth, the last day of May, the year of God 1559 years, the Congregations of the West Country, with the Congregations of Fyfe, Perth, Dundee, Angus, Mearns, and Montrose, being convened in the town of Perth, in the name of Jesus Christ, for forth setting of His glory, understanding nothing more necessary for the same than to keep a constant amity, unity, and fellowship together, according as they are commaunded by God, are confederat, and become bounden and oblist, in the presence of God, to concur and assist together in doing all things required of God in His Scripture that may be to His glory; and at their whole powers to destroy and away put all things that doth dishonour to His Name; so that God may be trewly and purely worshipped. And in case that any trouble be intended against the said Congregations, or any part or member thereof, the whole Congregation shall concur, assist, and conven together, to the defence of the same congregation or person troubled; and shall not spare labours, goods, substance, bodies and lives, in maintaining the liberty of the whole Congregation, and every member thereof, against whatsoever power that shall intend the said trouble, for cause of religion, or any other cause depending thereupon, or lay to their charge under pretence thereof, although it happen to be coloured with any other outward cause. In witnessing and testimony of the which, the whole Congregations aforesaid have ordained and appointed the noblemen and persons under written to subscribe their presents. Arch. Argyle, James Stewart, Glencarne, R. Lord Boid, Wchiltree, Matthew Campbell of Tarmgannarr."—*Keith*, chap. viii. p. 89.

This was in itself an overt act of rebellion, and would have justified the Regent in bringing every man who subscribed it to the scaffold. The fidelity, however, with which she adhered to her part of the contract disconcerted these men more than such a retribution of justice would have done.

The Lord James and the Earl of Argyle, after having subscribed their names to such a document as the preceding, must either find a pretext for openly joining the insurgents, or make one. And to this extremity they were, in fact, driven.

On the 30th May, "the Congregation" having relieved Perth of their "godly presence," the Regent entered the town, where she remained three days; after which she returned to Stirling, leaving a small garrison of Scotch soldiers. It is an amusing predicament, that of two hypocrites foiled by the sincerity of their antagonist. Such was the position of the Lord James and the Earl of Argyle. It would have been fatal to the schemes of the former to have kept aloof from his party at this crisis of affairs. The Regent's proceedings afforded not the semblance of a pretext for abandoning her; and nothing could afford a stronger evidence of the strait they were in for some tolerable reason to allege for doing so, than the one they at length produced.

They said, that although the Regent had adhered to the letter of the articles of agreement, in not leaving any French soldiers in garrison in Perth, yet she had violated the spirit of it, because the Scottish garrison she had left was receiving French pay. This, too, wonderful to relate, has been handed down from historian to historian, on the authority of such truthless beings as Buchanan and Knox, as one of the settled incidents of history; and the poor Regent has accordingly received an abundant share of grave historical censure for her duplicity. Yet it is strange how any writers of ordinary capacity could accept and reiterate a statement so inconsistent with the facts of the case without careful investigation. It is clear to any one, that it would have been more reasonable in those personages to have urged the placing of any garrison at all in the town as a breach of the agreement. If the objection was to the foreign soldiers, who else *could* she employ but Scotchmen? And, indeed, in a letter subsequently addressed to the Regent by those two noblemen from St. Andrew's, they actually allege the placing "of a garrison in Perth" as the grievance. But, first, that is inconsistent with their other charge of the garrison being in French pay; and, besides, the stipulation of the agreement was expressly against a *French* garrison. The pretext, however, gross as it was, served them for the time; and, on the strength of it, they abandoned the royal lady to whom they owed allegiance, and, betaking themselves to St. Andrew's, openly espoused the cause of the rebels. Hither they immediately summoned the armed forces of the "Congregation." And hither, of course, as to a place of safety, betook himself with all speed John Knox; who amused himself, whilst the barons were concerting their warlike operations, in persuading the ragamuffins of the neighbouring towns, in the direction *away* from the Regent's forces, to demolish and spoil all the churches and religious buildings

within their reach. After training his hand, as it were, by this little success, he next directed his operations upon St. Andrew's. Presuming, and not too much, on human credulity, he tells us, that the archbishop, who had heard of his intention, gave him to understand that, "*on his first presenting himself in the pulpit, he would be saluted with a dozen culverins, the more part of which should light upon his NOSE.*" And he makes out a fine case for himself, of his being persuaded not to persevere in his intention, and of the evangelical zeal which led him to disregard these representations. Never, on one single occasion in his life, did Knox willingly subject himself to the smallest personal risk or hazard. And there is in this, as in most of his other mendacities, a ridiculous improbability, which one would have supposed would have been its own antidote. Granting, then, an archbishop would ever have directed a man to be shot in the pulpit of his own cathedral church, where is the probability of his making such an attempt with only one hundred soldiers in his retinue in a city occupied with the whole forces of the Congregation? The truth is, the Regent lay with her forces at Falkland, twelve miles distant. The "Congregation of the Lord," at St. Andrew's, were concerting operations for the recovery of Perth from the Queen's garrison. It was most probable that any such flagrant breach of the articles of agreement, almost in her very presence, would draw the Regent immediately upon St. Andrew's, and so disturb their projected operations against Perth.

And such, indeed, actually fell out. Knox persisted in inciting the St. Andrew's mob to his favourite pastime; which ended in the spoliation of all the churches, and demolition as well as robbing of the houses of the Franciscan and Dominican friars. The Regent, informed of these fresh outrages, immediately moved upon St. Andrew's. The "Congregation of the Lord," 3000 strong, went out against her as far as Cupar. They did not, however, purpose risking a battle; but checked the progress of the Regent by fresh proposals of accommodation. The terms they submitted could not be immediately assented to, and a truce of eight days was concluded. During this interval, the Regent was yielding to the advice of the Duke of Chastelherault and the Earl Marischal to convene a parliament in Edinburgh, as the best manner of allaying the disturbances of the kingdom, when she was told that the Congregation were in full march on Perth. That city capitulated on the 25th June; a success which inspired them with such excellent spirits, that they must needs proceed to burn and spoil the abbey and palace of Scone.

Who can withhold their sympathy from the gentle and virtuous lady whose misfortune it was in these terrible times to be the regent of her daughter's kingdom? Deserted by her husband's son, upon whom she herself, as well as the Queen her daughter and the Dauphin, had lavished favours; by the young Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Glencairn, and a powerful body of her nobility, and unable to depend certainly upon more than some half-dozen of those who still adhered to her; tormented and perplexed by the unscrupulous mendacity and cunning of a crew of beings, whom no favours could conciliate, nor forbearance appease, she had no other direction in which to look for support, except to the ecclesiastics against whom the whole war was nominally directed, and an army whose leaders, except the few Frenchmen amongst them, were for the most part already rebels. In her perplexity, she withdrew to the capital, having sent forward some forces to Stirling to break down the bridge and occupy the passes and garrisons of the Forth, and thus obstruct, as far as lay in her power, the sudden march of the insurgents against Edinburgh. But she had now experienced generals to contend against: they anticipated her movements; reached Stirling by a forced march, before her; and plundered and destroyed there: thence they proceeded to Linlithgow, where they repeated the same outrages; and thence to Edinburgh, which they entered on the 29th of June (1559).

Here, besides, in addition to their usual deeds of sacrilegious plunder and demolition, they seized the coining-irons of the mint, to rescue them, doubtless, from superstitious uses, and transfer them to the use of "the godly."

The Regent, who had retired to Dunbar, nothing daunted by the rapid success of these daring criminals, adopted the paternal expedient of making an appeal to the loyalty of her people; and with this view, she issued the following proclamation:

"For sa mekill as we understand, that certane seditious personis hes of malice invented, and blawin abroad divers rumours, and evill bruites, tending thairby to steir up the hairtis of the pepill, and sa to stoppe all reconciliatiounis betwix us and our subjectis, being of the number of the Congregatioun, and consequentlie to kendill and nurische a continewall stryfe and devisioun in this realme, to the manifest subversioun of the haill estaits thair of. And among uther purposis, hes maliciouslie devysit for that effect, and hes persuadit too many, that we have violated the apointment laitlie tane, in so far as ony ma Frenche men ar since cumed in, and that we are myndit to draw in grit forces of men of weir furthe of France, to suppressche the libertie of this realme, oppress the inhabitantis thair of,

and mak up strangeairis, with thair landis and gudis; quhilk reportis (God knawis) ar maist vane, feinyeit, and untrew: for it is of treuthe, that nathing hes bein done one our parte sen the said apointment, quhairby it may be allegit that ony point thairof hes bein contravenit, nether yit war at that tyme any thing comouned or concluded, to stope the sending in of Frenche men; as may cleirly appeir by inspectioun of the said apointment, quhilk the beirar heirof hes present to schaw. Quhatevir number of men of weir be arryved, we have sick regaird to our honour and quietnes of this realme, that in cais, in the roum of everie ane Frenche man that is in Scotland thare war ane hundreth at our comand, yit sould not for that anie jote of quhat is promiseit be brokin, or ony alteratioun be maid be our provocation; bot the said apointment treulie and surelie observed in everie point, if the said Congregation will in lyk maner faythfullie keip thair pairte thareof. Nor yit meine we to trubill ony man in the peciable possessioun of thair gudis and roumis, nor yit to inriche the croun, and far les ony stranger, with your substances; for our dearest son and dauchter, the king and quein, ar, by God's provisioun, placed in the roum quhair all men of judgement may weill consider they have na neid of ony manis gudis; and for ourself, we seik nothing bot detfull obedeance unto thame, sick as gude subjectis aucht to give to thair soveranes, without diminutioun of our liberties and privilegis, or alteratioun of our laws. Thairfor, we have thocht gude to notifie unto yow our gude mynd foirsaid, and desyre yow not to gif eir nor credite to such vane imaginatiouns, quhairof (befoir God) no parte evir entrit in our conceate, nor suffer not yourselfis to be thairby led from your dew obedeance, assuring yow ye sall evir find with us treuthe in promiseis, and a motherlie love towardis all yow, behaveand yourselfis as obedient subjectis. Bot of ane thing we gif yow wairning, that quhairas sum preicheours of the Congregation in their publick sermones speickis irreverentlie and sclanderouslie alsweill of princes in general, as of ourselfis in particular, and of the obedeance to the hier poweris, induceing the pepill, be that parte of the doctrine, to defectioun from thair dewtie, quhilk perteinis nothing to religioun, bot rather to seditioun and tumult, thingis direct contrair to religioun: thairfor we desyre you to tak ordour in your tounis and boundis, that quhen the preicheours repaires thare, they use thamselvis mair modestlie in thay behalfis, and in thair preiching, not to mell so mekill with civill policie and publick government, nor yit name us, nor uther princes, bot with honour and reverence, utherways it will not be sufferit. And seing ye have presently the declaratioun of our intentioun, we desyre lyikwayis to know quhat sall be your parte to us, that we may understand quhat to lippin for at your handis; quhairof we desyre an plane declaratioun in writ, with this beirer, without excuis or delay. At Edinburghe, the 28th of April 1559."—*Keith*, book i. chap. 9, p. 945.

RECENT GERMAN CATHOLIC POETRY.

1. *Amaranth*. By Oscar von Redowitz.
2. *Veronica*. By Emma Ringseiss.

SUCH are the titles of two very remarkable productions of the Catholic Muse which have appeared of late in Germany. The first is a lengthy effusion of some 300 pages, founded on the following story. Walter, a young German knight, sets out for Italy to marry Ghismonda, the daughter of a nobleman, in fulfilment of an engagement entered into by the parents when, in former years, they met as crusaders in Palestine and became fast friends. In the course of his journey Walter passes through a forest, where he stops to rest himself at an old solitary castle. The lord of this castle has an only child, a daughter, who has never yet strayed beyond the precincts of her secluded home. Her name is Amaranth; and her native charms of body and mind make a deep impression on Walter, as they in every respect seem to correspond to his youthful ideal of woman. Of course, he has no thoughts of playing false to Ghismonda, and so proceeds on his way. On reaching his journey's end, and making for the first time acquaintance with his betrothed, he finds her as clever as she is beautiful; but, unluckily, in a style the very reverse of Amaranth. For Ghismonda proves to be a town belle of the most *prononcée* description; and what is perfectly horrifying to an enthusiastic Catholic like Walter, she is a pantheistic freethinking blue-stocking into the bargain. In vain he disputes and reasons with her,—she is incorrigible. Still, he declares he will marry her if she will only confess Christ to be God. This, however, she refuses to do, even at the very steps of the altar, when the marriage-ceremony is actually on the point of being celebrated. The consequence is, that Walter declares off at the last moment, with the entire concurrence of the officiating bishop. He then departs, renews his acquaintance with Amaranth, makes proposals to her, is accepted, and marries her.

The whole poem is divided into four cycles, each comprising a series of lyrical descriptions in every style of ballad, song, and sonnet, interspersed in the main narrative. The object of the author is chiefly to celebrate in Amaranth what he conceives to be the ineffable superiority of a perfectly unsophisticated domestic female character, guided by Catholic principles of religion alone, over all the education and artificial refinement of a young lady like Ghismonda, who has become a pantheist, and lost her faith as the fruit of her learning. This

he does in such a way as to imply that he thinks, and wants the world to think so too, that education and knowledge in a woman are *necessarily* dangerous to religious faith, and their absence *necessarily* favourable to it. His one-sided tone on this subject may be gathered from the fact that he attributes to Ghismonda very unamiable traits of private character, in order, as it would seem, to deepen the odium he is at pains to raise in the reader's mind against her pantheistic views. On this account she tells with much less effect as an exposure of the abuses of female education in Germany than she otherwise would have done. Amaranth, on the other hand, as the poet's *beau idéal* of feminine excellence, is painted with all the freshness and delicacy his tender pencil is capable of, and, apart from the theory she is intended to establish, is truly a beautiful creation. Her devotion to her domestic duties, her care of her old father, her stolen visits of charity to the poor, such incidents as her slipping out unobserved to visit a sick destitute widow, to whom she brings all sorts of good things, and among the rest a new Sunday coat for the widow's little boy, on condition that he first of all repeats to his benefactress the legend of the angel that brought down from heaven the little infant Jesus,—such traits as these, including the songs Amaranth is accustomed to sing at different seasons of the year, give occasion for some of the most exquisite passages the poem contains.

Of course, love plays a prominent part in the whole. We have, for example, a piece several pages long, headed "The first kiss," in which is described how Walter administered it to Amaranth by surprise on the banks of a brook under a tree, and how Amaranth received it with the most charming confusion, though nothing loth; the whole account concluding with the song she sings in honour of the event. Then we have another and much longer description of Walter and Ghismonda sailing out together in a gondola by moonlight, when a similar tender transaction took place with equal zest on both sides, in spite of all theological differences. It must be owned, that these passages of the poem, as, indeed, is the case more or less with all the rest that touches on the subject of love, are written in a very free and sensuous vein, and stamp the whole work as a strange medley of religion and sensualism. It was the task of Goethe, and has been so of his school of poets in Germany ever since, to paint sensual love as an impulse of so generous a kind as to render it equally creditable and pleasant for all the world to indulge in it as much as possible, without let or hindrance of any sort. Oscar von Redowitz is assuredly not one of the disciples of such a school as this. And yet he

would appear to be so far infected by the poisonous atmosphere which it has so widely diffused, as ostensibly to be of opinion that in regard of the tender passion, at least faith, like charity, may claim to cover a multitude of sins. In this respect, we deeply regret to own that he by no means stands alone among the living Catholic poets of Germany. In other respects this book, which in a very short time has run through very many editions, like all German poems of any length, is very tedious from its poverty of incident. It is a long-winded "minnesong;" a monotonous succession of sentimental outpourings, religious and amatory, which are apt to pall as a whole, but which, taken by passages culled here and there, afford many exquisite beauties to repay perusal. As an illustration of the state of feeling among many of the Catholics of Germany, it is the very reverse of satisfactory.

A far different work is *Veronica*, a poem which excels as much in masculine energy of thought and style as *Amaranth* does in features of a totally opposite kind. Yet *Veronica* is the production of a woman, Emma Ringseiss, a daughter of Professor Ringseiss of Munich, the author of a well-known work on the reformation of the theory and practice of medicine. *Veronica* is a religious play in three acts, in blank verse. Its subject is, the struggle of faith and doubt in the breast of the heroine, occasioned by the events of our Saviour's Passion. Though the piece is called *Veronica*, the character designated by that name speaks and acts under the name of Seraphia. Seraphia is an avowed believer in Jesus of Nazareth, as the promised Messiah of her nation. Her faith is the effect of his divine character, precepts, and miracles. Her husband Sirach, who is a Pharisee and member of the synedrium at Jerusalem, does not at first share in the faith of his wife, but looks upon her as the victim of delusion and imposture. It is the feast of the Passover when the play opens. Jesus has been apprehended by order of the high-priests, bent on putting Him to death; and Sirach is called up in the middle of the night to attend a special meeting of the synedrium relative to the affair. Seraphia in the meanwhile, enjoined by her husband not to stir from the house during his absence, waits in breathless anxiety on the terrace for his return. That something has befallen her divine Master she is aware; but does not know what. She likewise sends her sister Dina, and Josua a servant, to gather intelligence of what is passing in Jerusalem. While she is thus waiting alone, and scrutinising the behaviour of the groups passing before her house on their way to the city to celebrate the feast, Abias, her husband's friend and fellow-pharisee, a mortal enemy of our Saviour, rides up to the house

in search of Sirach, whom he describes as having suddenly disappeared from the synedrium in an unaccountable manner. From this man Seraphia learns for the first time the fact of our Lord's apprehension and impeachment. Soon after his departure, Dina returns with further and more dreadful details of our Lord's Passion; for she has seen Him brought out on Pilate's balcony crowned with thorns, and rejected for Barabbas by the people. Her account of what she has thus seen is one of the most powerfully wrought-up passages of the whole play. Seraphia is thrown by what she hears into the greatest dismay and consternation of mind. Still, she feels confident that Jesus will not fail to confound the designs of His enemies, and assert His real character by an exertion of His divine omnipotence. Dina is shortly followed by Reuben, another friend of Sirach, who confirms all that Dina has related, and endeavours in gentle persuasive words to convince Seraphia that such sufferings and indignities as Jesus suffers are an invincible proof that He is not the Messiah she takes Him for. His arguments so far prevail as to rouse a terrible struggle in Seraphia's soul, in which her faith seems more than once on the point of perishing. In the midst of this dreadful agitation of mind, Abias again makes his appearance in search of Sirach, and announces to his distracted wife that Jesus is actually condemned to death. He wants Sirach, he says, to form part of the escort to accompany our Saviour to His crucifixion. At this overwhelming news Seraphia swoons away. While Abias is brutally triumphing over her, Sirach suddenly enters and declares himself a believer in Jesus. The behaviour of the latter under His sufferings and before His judges, contrasted with the spirit manifested by them against Him, are the causes of Sirach's conversion. In vain Abias conjures and threatens by turns. Sirach stands firm; while Seraphia derives new courage from such an event at such a crisis.

At length the sad procession to Calvary is seen from the house bearing down the road. Seraphia, full of faith, but utterly perplexed at the mysterious ways of God, rushes forth to speak a word of comfort to her divine Master, and offer Him wine and refreshment in His dreadful situation. She unties her veil, and presents it Him to wipe His face with. He passes it over His features, and returns it to her impressed with His divine image. Without at first observing it, she returns to her house, and with Sirach and Dina views the events of the crucifixion from the roof. Then she discovers for the first time the miraculous likeness in her veil. She shows it to the others, and all three are confirmed anew in their faith. From that moment, too, she assumes the name of Veronica (from *vera*

icon,—true image). Moreover, she suddenly becomes illuminated, as it were, with a supernatural knowledge of the true import of the mystery of our Lord's Passion, and pours forth the revelation vouchsafed to her in a sort of inspired rhapsody, the whole concluding with the words, which are also the last of the play: *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*

From this sketch of *Veronica*, it will be seen that its main interest is in its powerful delineation of the impassioned struggle between faith and reason in the breast of the heroine, who enlists the sympathies of the reader all the more that he cannot help associating her in his mind with many kindred souls in our own day, engaged in a similar struggle, and carrying it out to a like prosperous issue. There is little or no action, nor any drawing of character, in the piece, which is only dramatic in the form. The versification and diction are in the purest classical style, with an economy of ornament quite parsimonious. Some of the speeches, however, need shortening by one half; and as regards Dina and Sirach, especially in the third act, they should be left out altogether. But on this system of retrenchment every German play that has ever yet been written would be equally open to improvement.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Reply to the Rev. R. I. Wilberforce's Principles of Church Authority. By Henry Drummond. (Bosworth.) Mr. Henry Drummond is an illustration of the incongruity of the characters which may be united in a single individual. What limit is there to human eccentricity, when the same man can be jester to the House of Commons, Pontifex Maximus to the Irvingites, the ribald assailant of Catholic nuns, and the fertile writer of theological pamphlets? Here we have the member for West Surrey in full polemical force. In its overweening self-esteem, extreme indelicacy, and entire blindness to facts, it fully sustains the reputation of its author. Mr. Drummond is said to be at least a respectable man in his own life. Nevertheless he looks at the whole subject of Christian morals, and the life of men in general, with that very same distorted and diseased vision which belongs to persons themselves defiled with every impurity. We regret to have to speak in such terms of a person of his age, position, and character; but the fact is, that men of the world, whose knowledge of sin is *experimental* only, are totally unable to comprehend the character of mind of those who study sin *theoretically* in order that they may lead others to avoid it. The condition of mind of a man who could write as Mr. Drummond does is simply shocking.

Christian Politics; an Essay on the Text of Paley. By the Rev. H. Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c. (London, Hope.) In spite

of the long list of learned titles which this reverend gentleman appends to his name, we have found his book one of the most flimsy and feeble productions, on a most important but most difficult subject, that we have ever come across. He tells us in the preface that he intends to do the same for Paley's work on Politics as Lord Brougham has done for his Natural Theology, namely, enlarge it, correct it, and adapt it to the changed circumstances of the present period. He begins by defining what is a Christian state. England, Russia, and the United States, are allowed to be such. The first principle of Christian politics (*i.e.* government) is that "All men are by nature equal in the sight of God." Now this, as a truth in religion, is undeniable; but it is not transferred into a truth of politics by those states which admit of slavery, such as the United States and Russia. Therefore we have in the very first chapter states allowed to be Christian, which do not admit Mr. Christmas's "very first principle." Fancy a Christian polity which rejects the foundation of Christian politics!

What would Mr. Christmas say to the following fact, which is related by Father Theiner, in the sixth chapter of his book on the "Schismatic Church of Russia?" "A Russian writer of considerable eminence printed, a few years ago, a book of instructions for young ecclesiastics. Among other things, he said, 'Before the tribunal of Penance there is no difference between the purple of the prince and the rags of the beggar.' The Holy Synod, however, found this maxim too rash; and thereupon submitted the book to the metropolitans of Petersburg and Moscow, in order that they might give their opinions upon it. Both these eminent divines thought with the good Procurator of the Synod; and the author was obliged to retract his opinion, under the pain of being considered heretical on the point."

Now here is a Christian government eliminating from religion as well as from politics the fundamental principle of Christian government. Either, then, Mr. Christmas has chosen a wrong principle to start from, or he has wrongly admitted Russia and the United States into the list of Christian states. So much for his first chapter. In his fourth he lays down that the people is "the alone source of power;" and says of Queen Victoria, that "to be enthroned in the hearts of a mighty people, to be, in fact, the embodied expression of a magnificent national WILL, is to be, in the highest sense, *ordained* OF GOD." If this is true, the converse is also true; and when the people says "We will not have this man to rule over us," it must in all circumstances express, not the permission, but the Will of God, which the people are right in executing, or rather, would be wrong were they not to execute. We will not proceed to examine this foolish book any further; only expressing our astonishment that the owner of so many diplomas of learned societies should express himself in such slipshod English (*e.g.* "the whole passage would gladly have been omitted"), and concluding by recommending to any of our readers who may wish to study a really profound treatise on political science, Rosmini's "*Filosofia della Politica*," which to us appears the best of all his works, and one which, on all possible considerations, we would have our readers consult instead of such a book as Mr. Christmas's.

The Eighth of December 1854. (T. Jones.) The Dogmatic Bull on the Immaculate Conception, both in Latin and English; with an introduction by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster, sketching the subject historically and dogmatically. It is neatly got up, and will be welcome to every one who wishes to preserve the Bull in a convenient form for future reference.

The Daily Manual of the Third Order of St. Dominic, in Latin and English. Arranged and newly translated by James Dominick Aylward, Priest of the Order of St. Dominic, Prior of the Annunciation, Woodchester. (Dublin, Duffy.) The Offices here collected and translated are intended for use among the members of the Third Order of St. Dominic, of whom there are many in Ireland, and an increasing number in England, living in the world. They are intended, consequently, for use both in private devotion and in public, where the Tertiarii are sufficiently numerous to form a kind of local body or congregation. The present volume (to be followed by another) contains, the Office of our Blessed Lady, with the numerous Commemorations of the Saints of the Order throughout the year; the Office for the Dead; the Little Offices of the Holy Name and of the Immaculate Conception; with various Psalms, Prayers, &c.

The literary feature of the book is the unusual excellence of the metrical translations of the Hymns. Some of these are quite unequalled by any versions that have ever, to our knowledge, before appeared; uniting a perfect fidelity to the original, to an ease and flow of phraseology rarely attained by translators. Those who may doubt the justice of our praise should turn to the *Ave Maris Stella*, and the *Dies Iræ*, and compare them with any other version to which they can refer.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Ten Weeks in Natal: a Journal of a First Tour of Visitation among the Colonists and Zulu-Kafirs of Natal. By J. W. Colenso, D.D., (Anglican) Bishop of the Diocese. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) As a traveller's journal, this book is decidedly slow; but as the notes of an Anglican Bishop, it contains much matter for reflection. It shows the advantages which these labourers enjoy, who go to the savages in the name of Queen Victoria, accompanied by the officers of government, and with the whole prestige of the temporal authority; how they can appeal to the soul through the body, and make Christianity pleasant to the old man before the new sees any thing in it. It shows, too, the strange use which these gentlemen make of their advantages, and how little reason they have to talk about the Jesuit missionaries in China, and the concessions which they made to heathen prejudice. We will not insist on the feast of first-fruits, which, though a "purely heathen ceremony," Bishop Colenso determined, very wisely we think, to impress with a Christian character; but what will our readers say to the actual permission of polygamy? We give the Bishop's own words:

"I must confess that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands upon their conversion to Christianity is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. . . . Suppose a Kafir-man, advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common among them,—who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land (and the Kafir laws are very strict on this point, and Kafir wives perfectly chaste and virtuous), have lived with him thirty years or more, have borne him children, and have served him faithfully and affectionately,—what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives, and cause them in the eyes of all their people to commit adultery, because he becomes a Christian? What is to become of their children?

. . . And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives? . . . The whole body of American missionaries in Burmah, in 1853, at a Convocation, where two delegates attended from America, and where this point was specially debated, came to a unanimous decision to admit in future polygamists of old standing to communion, but not to offices in the Church. I must say, this appears to me the only right and reasonable course."

We well remember the indignation that exploded at Oxford when Dr. Newman declared from the University pulpit that Protestantism had occasionally unexpectedly developed into polygamy. We do not know that Bishop Colenso was not himself one of the protesting party against this "insult," little expecting at that time to be one of the next instances of the principle enunciated. The good Bishop will be rather in a fix, if he should succeed in converting his friend Langelibalele with his eighty wives; though more probably he is ready to allow any thing; and should he make the king of the Cannibal Islands a Christian, would have no difficulty in allowing him two babies a week for breakfast during his life.

Nature and Human Nature. By the Author of "Sam Slick." 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) Judge Haliburton's writings extend over so long a period, that in his new books he may be said to address a new generation of readers, who, not knowing his first works, will not feel the sameness of his later ones pall upon their taste. For ourselves, we confess that the eternal yankeeisms, which were very amusing at first, have grown vapid and insipid. But this is no reason why those who have not read the earlier volumes should not find in these all the freshness that older persons found in their predecessors. Perhaps the learned judge is a little too didactic now to be as brilliant as he used to be; but we can with truth say one good word for him; that throughout his books we have never met with any thing offensive to Catholic ears, as such; but we warn our Irish readers that they will every now and then stumble on a sentence which will shock their feelings.

Constance Herbert, by Miss Jewsbury. 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) A clever and interesting novel, dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, and intended to insinuate the transcendental philosophy of which he is the great master in England. This philosophy is a kind of hypertrophy of the heart, which it enlarges at the expense of the head, in making all the powers of man subservient to his feelings. The authoress is a strong-minded lady, and deals in madness and heart-aches as liberally as Mr. Warren himself. Her novel is forcibly written, and is civil to Catholics, with the civility peculiar to the transcendentalists, who contemplate with satisfaction the blundering bigots beneath them fighting for modes of faith, while they sit secure in the citadel of right feeling. So far as ours is a more poetical and gentlemanly religion than Quakerism or Methodism, it is preferred to them, though its professors are regarded with pity, as under the influence of a fatal mistake. In this whole class of novels we are sure to have the infancy of the heroine largely developed, and most wonderful things recounted of the sensibility of the child; for it is one of the practices of the school to look for wisdom in the eyes of babies; at least such is their teaching. Whether they try their theory on living infants, this deponent sayeth not. Miss Jewsbury also makes all her ladies heroines, and all her men rascals; for the female is the representative of heart, and the male of head. It is a novel with a purpose, which it successfully carries out.

The Dublin Review for April has an article entitled "Bad Popes," but really on Savonarola and Alexander VI., which should be read by every one interested in the truth of ecclesiastical history. Every body, of course, thinks his own view on any subject the true one, or else he would not hold it. Accordingly, we regard the estimate of Savonarola which appeared in the *Rambler* for November and December 1853 as more impartial than that which is adopted by the writer before us, who, we think, does scant justice to the extraordinary Dominican. At the same time the article is acute, learned, and hearty in tone; and every good Catholic must sympathise with the writer's indignation against the miserable perversion of truth which abounds in too many nominal Catholic historians.

Tonga and the Friendly Islands; with a Sketch of their Mission History. By Sarah S. Farmer. (Hamilton.) Mrs. (or Miss?) Farmer is a Methodist lady. Her history of the islands of the Pacific is written in the style which prevails in that "persuasion," and on the principles of the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock's Map, as set forth in page 423. "Have you ever seen Mr. Curnock's large map of the world, coloured so as to show at a glance the comparative spread of true and false religions? The Pagan countries are as black as ink; those where Popery prevails, red; and so forth. Wherever a purer faith prevails, the spot is distinguished by a bright gold colour." The Friendly Islanders, it seems, are a reading people; but want books. "Will no one," asks Sarah S. Farmer, "do for Tonga what Sarah Boardman, the *second* Mrs. Judson, did for Burmah? Her justly admiring husband" (*which* of the two does not appear) "says: 'Her translation of the Pilgrim's Progress into Burmese is one of the best pieces of composition which we have yet published.'" We repeat the inquiry, Will no one do old Bunyan into Tonguese? Our authoress professes that her book was written for young people; if she considered it necessary to that end to be dull and silly, she has perfectly succeeded.

The Art of Travel. By Francis Galton. (Murray.) A handbook unsuited to him who, taking his ease in his inn, washes down his friecandeau with Steinberg-cabinet. Mr. Galton is the well-known traveller, and has made use of his hard-earned experience in tropical Southern Africa to compose a most useful manual for "all who have to rough it." Under the several heads of water, fire, clothes, and so forth, he gives clear and distinct directions and advice for the organisation and successful prosecution of journeys of exploration in wild and savage countries. As a proof of his good sense, we quote the following, which occurs under the title "Bivouac:" "The oldest travellers will ever be found to be those who go the most systematically and carefully to work in making their sleeping-places dry and warm. Unless a traveller makes himself at home and comfortable in the bush, he will never be contented with his lot; but will fall into the bad habit of looking forward to the end of his journey, when he shall return home to civilisation, instead of complacently interesting himself in its progress. This is a frame of mind in which few great journeys have been successfully accomplished; and an explorer who cannot divest himself of it may be sure he has mistaken his vocation."

Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, abroad and at home. By Mrs. Jameson. (London, Longmans.) When Mrs. Jameson descends from the chair of the teacher of philosophy, she is a very agreeable and kindly writer. In the present lecture, which is designed to induce English Protestants to make as much use of the feminine element

of society as Catholics have always done, she rather unfairly overlooks all that our good Catholic nuns in England are doing ; the work of the nuns of the Good Shepherd, and of the Little Sisters of the Poor, of the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, and of the nuns who manage our poor-schools ;—a strange omission for a work which professes to glance at all active orders, both abroad and at home. She ought to know that Protestant “ Sisters of Charity ” have not the monopoly of good works within these realms ; but, nevertheless, she makes some strong admissions. For instance, “ The truth seems to me to amount to this, that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account, and assimilate to itself, and inform with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep-seated principle in our nature,—a law of life, which we Protestants have had the folly to repudiate.” This principle is, that woman in general is the purifying motherly element of society, as the sister or mother is in the house. The words “ Behold thy mother ; behold thy son,” were spoken “ to the wide universe, to all humanity, to all time.” And women feel their vocation, and follow it. “ Why is it,” she asks, “ that we see so many women, carefully educated, going over to the Roman Catholic Church ? For no other reason but for the power it gives them to throw their energies into a sphere of definite utility under the control of a high religious responsibility.”

Our readers must not suppose that Mrs. Jameson recognises any thing supernatural in Catholicity. If she adopts its terms, it is because for her its doctrines are the narrow and childish types which represent the great and broad truths of universalism and transcendentalism. She seems to consider the Catholic Church as a wily despotism, knowing how to make use of certain natural and powerful feelings, which Protestants, in their headlong spirit of opposition, have unduly disparaged. What has been established among us by the spirit of obedience, she hopes to see done in her communion by the spirit of liberty and liberalism. The spirit of rivalry may perhaps do something ; but we do not expect much from Mrs. Jameson’s peculiar motives. However, we cannot and will not speak a word, except of praise and honour, of those who, on any motive, are willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of their suffering neighbours. Such deeds must bring their own rewards, which may sometimes turn out far different from what was hoped or expected.

History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529-1854. By J. G. Shea. With portraits. (New York, Edward Dunigan.) An excellent volume, in which the very edifying accounts of missionary labour, sufferings, and martyrdoms, are collected together, in many cases from original documents, and related in a compressed narrative, remarkable for simple good sense and the absence of all exaggeration and affectation. It is a really valuable addition to ecclesiastical history ; while its small size will be a further recommendation to purchasers and readers.

The Mouse and her Friends, with other Stories, translated and adapted for Children. By John Edward Taylor. (Chapman and Hall.) *The Mouse and her Friends*, and its companion stories, will dismay those seniors who insist upon some weighty “ moral ” in every child’s book, and are never satisfied unless virtue is invariably rewarded to a tremendous extent, and vice as tremendously punished. The animals who figure in these fables (which are of Oriental origin) are, many of them, no better than they should be ; and the rogues quite as often get the better of the worthier brutes as the reverse. We cannot say that we

think this a fault, and are pretty sure that children in general will be of the same opinion. The stories are certainly clever, amusing, and original.

The Moor of Venice: Cinthio's Tale and Shakspeare's Tragedy. By John Edward Taylor. (Chapman and Hall.) The original story on which Shakspeare grounded the most tragic of all his tragedies. It is curious and interesting, both as a favourable specimen of the Italian tales so common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and as showing how the genius of the great poet refined and elevated the materials that came into his hands. Mr. Taylor prefixes some judicious criticisms of his own.

Hardwicke's Shilling Peerage for 1855, compiled by E. Walford, Esq. (Hardwicke.) Honestly we may use of this compilation the exceedingly stale and generally untrue assertion, that it is the cheapest shilling's worth we know of. It is well turned out in all respects.

The Life of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, of St. Anthony's, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Dolman.) We wish we could believe that many such records as that which is here at last printed, lay hidden in the houses of our old Catholic ancestors. Unhappily, time and the world's enmity have destroyed all such to an extent little known. Mrs. Dorothy Lawson was born in 1580, and died in 1632. The present memoir was written by Father W. Palmers, a Jesuit, and her spiritual director. It is a sweet and touching narrative of faith and good works in a day of sorrow and blasphemy.

The Parlour Library. (Hodgson.) Three of the last reprints in the Parlour Library are, *Sir Jasper Carew*, by the Author of "*Maurice Tiernay*," *James's Stepmother*, and *Mrs. Marsh's Castle Avon*.

The author of *Maurice Tiernay* is a clever, rattling, lively writer, well up in the history of Irish society of the last two or three generations, when the Irish gentry were closely linked with France, and themselves were going to the dogs as fast as they could run. With such a novelist we do not look for any thing very refined or very profound; and those who simply want to be amused may turn to the writer before us without being disappointed. His books are better worth reprinting than many which make up the endless cheap "Libraries" of the day.

The *Stepmother* contains nothing objectionable in a moral or religious point of view. It is a fashionable novel, neither very new nor striking, and certainly not to be compared to the historical romances by the same author.

Castle Avon has a good opening. The plot is tame, and badly worked out. Added to this, it is a religious novel, half-Puseyite, half-Ranter; expatiating on the improved state of the Church of England, and making a hero of a man who goes about preaching the Gospel, and detailing to every one the particulars of an atrocious murder and one or two felonious actions that he has perpetrated. He is nevertheless "called to convert others," though the reader cannot but wonder what the police are about in the meantime.

Russia and her Czars. By E. J. Brabazon. (London, Robert Theobald.) The very absurd dedication prefixed to this book does not predispose one in its favour. It is, nevertheless, a very readable narrative, compiled from obvious sources, but digested into a whole with considerable pains. The account of the Czars is full of horrible details; but in our feelings against Russia, we must not forget that the personal

history of any series of rulers, of any country or time, would generally furnish a terrible picture of debauchery and crime. We question whether the Czars of Russia have been much worse than the rulers of other semi-civilised countries; or whether the petty princes of Italy, during the middle ages, would not furnish parallels to their cruelty. The size of the book is in its favour. The authoress is of the Evangelical school, and gives vent to the usual offensive matter when the conduct of Popes is in question.

St. Louis and Henri IV. By J. H. Gurney, M.A. (London, Longmans.) Two historical sketches, written for Protestant young people with the usual bias; but with some improvement in tone, and some appearance of candour. The author is an Anglican minister.

The Miner's Daughter: A Catholic Tale. By Cecilia Mary Caddell, authoress of "Blind Agnese," &c. Most persons who care to see that their servants and dependents are well instructed in all that concerns, at least, the essentials of their religion, must have felt the want of some little work on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which they could put into their hands with a fair prospect of its being read and understood. There are numbers of ill-informed Catholics in various states of life to whom a formal book of instructions is practically useless, as being uninteresting and even unintelligible; numbers who, in fact, require to be taught orally and categorically, yet to whom, for one reason or another, it would be positively affronting, and therefore impolitic, to propose any thing in the shape of catechetical teaching, whether by word of mouth or by book. For both these classes this unpretending little work will be found extremely useful; more so, perhaps, than for the young and those who generally rank as the ignorant. For the young are apt to skip the didactic portions of what professes to be an amusing story; indeed, if it be clearly amusing, they are impatient to get to the end of it, and hurry on with a half-intention, but rarely fulfilled, of returning to the instructions when their curiosity is satisfied; and for the ignorant, as the word is commonly understood, nothing short of repeated oral teaching is really of any use. At the same time, we are very far from intending to deny that the young who are already acquainted with the principal points in the action of the Mass, will certainly derive much important information, in a pleasant way, from this attractive little volume; and certain we are, that for the ignorant, whether Catholics or Protestants, who are not too ignorant to learn any thing from a book, we know of no existing work which can be put in comparison with the one before us. It supplies what has hitherto been a desideratum,—an easy and familiar explanation of the doctrine and ritual of the Mass; and being professedly a tale, it will be acceptable to many who would not open, or at least would not be at the trouble of studying, a catechism, and yet would be really glad to obtain information in such an indirect way. There is sufficient story to carry the reader on; more, indeed, than is found in the two admirable volumes of *Cottage Conversations*, by another authoress, of which the present publication reminds us, and to which it forms a very suitable companion.

1. *The Witch of Melton Hill.* By the Author of "Mount St. Lawrence." 2. *Pictures of Christian Heroism.* (Burns and Lambert.) As in the case of the former volumes of the "Popular Library," we can but announce the publication of these two volumes, with our best wishes for their success.

What I know of the late Emperor Nicholas and his Family. By E. T. Turnerelli, sixteen years resident in Russia. (Churton.) While

the scribes of the general English press are busy with the blacking-pot, daubing the late Czar's effigy to a demoniacal darkness, here comes Mr. Turnerelli with the hues of the rainbow, and paints him a kind of Apollo-Jupiter-Aristides-Paterfamilias. He has one advantage over many of the book-makers of the day: he lived long under the Czar, and so writes from his experiences. At any rate he writes heartily, and with that courage which deserves a hearing; and we recommend his book to every one who wishes to hear both sides. It is gossiping and anecdotal, and not too long. Probably the truth about the late Czar lies between the two extremes. For a despot, he might pass very creditably in a general muster. His *personal* qualifications for ruling a race like the Russians were undeniable; and those very qualifications were at once his snare and the source of his power.

The Massacre at the Carmes in 1792. By Robert Belaney, M.A. (Lumley.) This is not only an historical sketch of the celebrated martyrdom at the Monastery of the "Carmes" in Paris, when one archbishop, two bishops, and about two hundred priests suffered for their faith, but a clever and telling exposition of the argument in favour of Catholicity which the sufferings of the faithful supply. Mr. Belaney has been for some time resident in Paris, and writes with his mind full of the *religio loci*. His work is not merely valuable for the general reader, but may be advantageously added to the libraries of our rising Catholic Institutes, Clubs, and Societies, frequented by young men who ought to be well informed on all such subjects, and cannot fail to have their faith and courage strengthened by knowing what has been done and suffered by their fellow-Catholics in the cause of Jesus Christ.

Oxford Essays. Contributed by Members of the University. (London, J. W. Parker.) As a whole, this volume does no particular credit to Oxford genius; nor have the separate essays, for the most part, much to do with the individuality of that University. The first, on Lucretius, is a specimen of the pretty but somewhat fiddle-faddle scholastic dilettantism that used to be so much encouraged there. That on the Plurality of Worlds holds the balance very equitably in the controversy between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster. That on Persian Literature is interesting, as showing how Dr. Pusey, and people whom he influences, are at once taken with any thing resembling quietism, though even in the pantheistic and immoral poetry of Hafiz and the Sufi sect. Incomparably the best and most pertinent essay in the volume is that on Oxford Studies, by the Rev. M. Pattison, who shows himself an intelligent and able disciple of Dr. Newman's school in his views on university education. We cannot resist the temptation of giving some extracts:

"The higher education differs from the primary in this important respect, that the higher education is communicated from the teacher to the taught by influence, by sympathy, by contact of mind with mind. In teaching the elements of grammar or geometry, as in teaching an art, the teacher lays down rules, and sees that the pupil remembers or conforms to them. The process is mechanical. The memory only and the lower faculties of the understanding are called into play on both sides, pupil and teacher alike. But it is otherwise in the higher spheres of mind. There the teacher must act with his whole mind on the pupil's whole mind. He does not lay down principles, he initiates into methods; he is himself an investigator, and he is inviting the pupil to accompany him on his road; he does not go down to the pupil's level, but he assumes the pupil to his."

Here we think the true reason why Catholics cannot allow their sons to be educated at Protestant or non-religious universities is implied. If the university is not a mere grammar-school or art-studio, the thing gained there is not grammar or art, but method and direction of mind; an assimilation of the pupil's mind to that of the teacher, in the highest subjects of human research, namely, universal philosophy. Now when we consider that in this subject, which includes the bearings and mutual relations of all sciences, the questions are generally of a kind in which, as F. Schlegel says, the will, not the reason, decides,—questions on the origin of things, their final purpose, and the deepest social and moral philosophy,—and that each religious system has its own definite way of viewing these things, as the atheistical system has *its* way of denying them or disparaging them altogether; it is evident that if the university is so in truth and not merely in name, it must for Catholics be conducted on the Catholic system, unless we wish our young men to view all things from a Protestant stand-point, and to investigate in a Protestant method. It is very well to say that religion will not be touched, when the whole religious method is controverted or ignored.

The value of a university is in its activity. There must be interest not only on the part of the pupil, but on that of the teacher, who must not have stored his mind with a certain number of "dodges," or a certain amount of information, and then gradually dispense what he has by the dozen or by the ounce. "We can only usefully teach, where our interest is fresh and our knowledge enlarging." "The moment the doctrine has stiffened in the teacher's mind into a dogma, *i. e.* when it has lost its connection with the facts it represents, it has become unfit for the purposes of teaching. . . . This is why we cannot teach from our recollections, however trustworthy they may be. The higher education can be no more committed to memory and learned by rote or by books, than religion can be transmitted by tradition or by a document."

In the controversy about Oxford studies the author admits that the classicists, though right in principle, were wrong in their facts; while their opponents were right in their facts, but absurdly wrong in their principles. "The whole body of sciences (not only classical studies) forms the indispensable groundwork of a liberal education." In this the moderns are right; but wrong when they *will* stake the issue on the comparative *utility* (for general purposes, not for expansion of mind) of the classics and of science. The proper object of university education is what Lord Bacon calls "universality."

Even for the positive sciences themselves, Comte (who admits no metaphysical or theological science) declares that such a universality is necessary to preserve them from ruin. "Let us have," he says, "a new class of students, whose business it shall be to take the respective sciences as they are, determine the spirit of each, ascertain their relations and mutual connection, &c.; then we may dismiss all fear of the great whole being lost sight of in the pursuit of the details of knowledge." Until a university education effects something of this sort, we shall continue to enjoy the spectacle so familiar to England, of every empiric setting up his own idol as the one true God.

Throughout the book there is more or less a tone of Germanising mysticism. All the essays seem to emanate from the *liberal* school of Oxford. One of the longest in the volume advocates Hegel's system of right, apparently because his ideal polity turns out to be no fanciful Utopia or New Atlantis, but a study drawn from the British constitu-

tion. The Anglo-Saxon naturally believes any principle to be true which logically explains his own peculiar institutions.

Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie. By Cecilia L. Brightwell. (Norwich, Fletcher and Alexander.) A sort of corollary to the memoirs of J. J. Gurney. It contains the same kind of cant. Some people may reap a little amusement from the phraseology of Mrs. Opie's journal: "Meeting very still and refreshing; L. B. much favoured; rose low and self-abased; a sweet, favoured meeting; the ministry lively and touching; grieved I could not go to meeting; my own sitting a favoured and comforting one." Another meeting, we are told, was "evidently owned." The author of *Hudibras* likens Quakers to lanterns, because they carry their lights within. The light may be there; but this queer phraseology is hardly clear enough to transmit any of its rays. They are simply dark lanterns to us.

Edward Irving; an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilkes. (London, Freeman.) Dedicated to Thos. Carlyle, "the most trusted of philosophers," and to Mr. Maurice, "the eminent religious reformer." This volume, characterised by its author as "Catholic and Independent, fervent though free," will be found to be an additional field for our "gleanings from the Broad Church," which we regret not having seen before. Mr. Irving, as most of our readers know, was the half-crazy founder of the new "Catholic and Apostolic Church," and was the introducer of the "speaking with tongues," which was almost as rife twenty years ago as the table-turning and spirit-rapping of to-day. He was terribly long-winded, and much annoyed when any one questioned his inspiration. He perhaps meant well, made sundry approaches to Catholicity, and beyond all question was a wonderful orator; but certainly Dr. Brownson would pronounce him to have been possessed by the devil.

Detached Thoughts and Apothegms, extracted from the writings of Archbishop Whately. 1st Series. (London, Blackader.) Some admirer of the eccentric archbishop has culled out of his writings many stupid, and many racy and good sayings, at the same time warning us that the beauty of the building is not to be disparaged because fault may be found with these specimen bricks; and assuring us that the archbishop's great merit is the harmony and totality of his writings. We, on the contrary, are of those who prefer his bricks to his walls. This first series is "On the Love of Truth in Religious Inquiry," a subject on which the author reasons well, but on which certain late works issuing from "the Palace, Dublin," afford a curious commentary.

Velazquez and his Works. By William Stirling. (London, J. W. Parker.) Mr. Stirling has rewritten the article on Velazquez in his "Annals of the Artists of Spain," and has produced an admirable little biography. Contrary to the usual lot of Spanish artists, whose "true patron was unquestionably the supreme and munificent Church," the subject of the present memoir was during almost his whole career employed in the court of King Philip IV., and his pictures are therefore more secular than the generality of those of the Spanish school. Supreme in portraits, whether busts, heads, full-length, or equestrian, "he has been compared as a painter of landscapes to Claude; as a painter of low life to Teniers; his fruit-pieces equal those of Van Kessel; his poultry might contest the prize with the fowls of Hondekoeter on their own dunghill; and his dogs might do battle with the dogs of Sneyders." The life of an artist rarely presents such a picture of unchequered good fortune and happiness as that of Velasquez.